

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRISSEHOOD DOCTRINE AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



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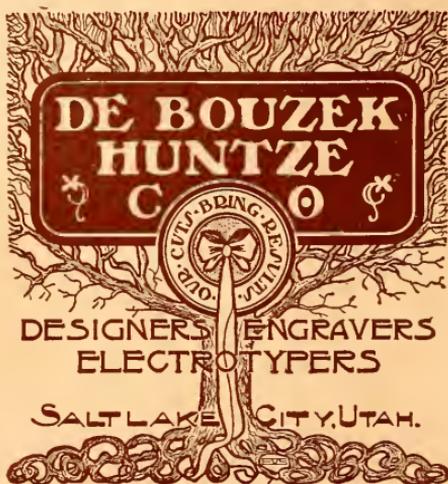
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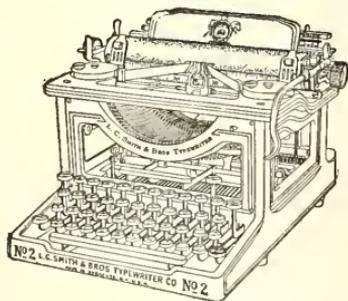
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IMPROVEMENT ERA, MAY, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDWARD H. ANDERSON,	}	Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager MORONI SNOW, Assistant
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

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No 7.

A Holy Triple Alliance.

BY A. A. RAMSEYER.

In the 19th chapter of Isaiah, entitled "The burden of Egypt," is found the following prophecy:

19. In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt.

21. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord, and perform it.

22. And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite and heal it; and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them.

23. In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria; and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians.

24. In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land.

25. Whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance.

On a Sunday morning, October 24, 1841, Apostle Orson Hyde, upon the Mount of Olives, offered to the Lord a prayer, which can be read in Vol. IV, pp. 456-59, *Church History*. He asked the Lord "to remove the barrenness and sterility of this land (Palestine); to let the land become abundantly fruitful, when

possessed by its rightful heirs; to let it again flow with plenty to feed the returning prodigals who come home with a spirit of grace and supplication; to let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows," and to "restore the kingdom unto Israel—to raise up Jerusalem as its capital, and to constitute her people a distinct nation and government, with David, thy servant, even a descendant from the loins of ancient David to be their king."

Since that memorable day, three other apostles of the Lord have visited Palestine and, standing on the same Mount of Olives, dedicated the land for the return of the Jews, *viz.*, Presidents George A. Smith, Anthon H. Lund and Francis M. Lyman. More than fifty years elapsed before the Jews organized to regain possession of their fatherland, but the Zionist movement has now made such headway that it is clearly designed to accomplish what it started for, the regaining of Palestine for the Jews. Since the deposition of Abdul Hamid, an immense step forward towards that object has been taken, for the Jews are gathering in great numbers to Jerusalem and near-by places, and buying tracts of lands, which will yet furnish in abundance the proverbial milk and honey, as in ancient times. With the degree of liberty granted in the new Turkish constitution, the children of Judah will surely gather to the land of their fathers, and work out their social and political independence.

Further north, in Anatolia, or Asia Minor, there are great changes going on, too. From the late sultan, Abdul Hamid, the Germans got a concession to build a railroad from Scutari, on the Bosphorus, to Bagdad in Mesopotamia, and hence to the Persian Gulf. With this railroad concession is granted a tract of land twelve and a quarter miles wide, along the entire length of the line, fifteen hundred miles long; in other words, a land grant of eighteen thousand six hundred square miles, equivalent to nearly one half the area of Oklahoma or Ohio, was given the German company, with permission to use all waters along the route for electric purposes. This line will pass through lands rich in asphalt and petroleum. But the greatest value of Mesopotamia, or ancient Babylonia, lies in the fact that when it was artificially irrigated, this was one of the principal granaries of the world. The ancient irrigation works decayed, through neglect and depopulation. Now

the British engineer, Wilcocks, who built the great Nile dam at Assuan—has been entrusted by Turkey with the restoration of irrigation in Mesopotamia; this region he divides into two sections, Upper Chaldea, with an area of 1,280,000 acres of first class land, and lower Chaldea, with an area of 1,500,000 acres of excellent land, though not quite so valuable as the first section. The cost of the works is estimated at forty million dollars. When reclaimed these lands will eagerly be bought and cultivated by European farmers, possibly by German Jews. The railroad once completed, the settlers would feel quite near their old home, for the two great German railway lines from Hamburg and Frankfort unite at Budapest, passing through Macedonia to Constantinople. This new line will pass through Anatolia to Angora, over the Taurus mountains to Adana and Aleppo, in Syria; thence through Southern Kurdistan to Nineveh and Bagdad, on the Tigris. Nor is it improbable that from Aleppo this line might branch southward through Palestine to Egypt, thus furnishing the highway which Isaiah prophesies of.

Since the British took hold of Egypt this country has steadily progressed, politically and socially. Education is advancing, agriculture is being developed, stability of affairs has been secured; in short, the elements of good government are present on every hand. What has been accomplished in Egypt can be repeated in Mesopotamia, also in Palestine. When sufficiently advanced in civilization, the commercial relations may terminate in political combinations, perhaps, to offer a strong, united front to outside opposition.

At first sight such a triple alliance may appear purely visionary, yet history furnishes us ample ground for the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy. The Jews were in constant relations with the Egyptians; great numbers of them settled here before Christ's birth. Surely their descendants must be scattered in Mizraim. Again the ten tribes were carried to Babylonia, and afterwards Judah and Benjamin, too, were transplanted into Assyria; although the ten tribes thence traveled to the northern countries, and the Jews, after seventy years of captivity, returned to Jerusalem, it is evident that not a few Israelites chose to remain among their captors, for various reasons, a successful business, together with religious

and racial toleration, being the anchor to restrain them in their new home. The same is true of the modern Jews. Hence we may expect to find the blood of Israel scattered in Assyria, as well as in Egypt. When the "times of refreshing" shall come, these will hearken to the voice of the shepherd, and be one in heart and mind with their brethren at Jerusalem.

Agricultural supremacy was not thought much of formerly, but now far-seeing statesmen point out the imminent danger of a world-wide famine, caused by an ever increasing industrial population, with which the farming population does not keep pace. It has been said, perhaps very truly, that the Jews (the Rothschilds) control the world's purse-strings. Who knows what other factors may yet shape the destiny of the nations? The agricultural products of Egypt, Palestine and Asia Minor could easily insure to these countries a supremacy not dreamed of. The wonderful development of the arid western regions of the United States and Canada, during the last sixty years, speaks volumes. What was done here may be repeated in Asia Minor.

Recently the telegraphic news mentioned a report from U. S. Consul Sempich, at Bagdad, which says that "four thousand coolies, and the necessary engineers, are already at work on the initial projects in northern Mesopotamia, and agricultural benefits are expected to follow in two or three years. About 12,500,000 acres of land are to be irrigated, the work (of reclamation) to occupy six or seven years. Wheat, barley and cotton can be grown upon the land, and the present population of two million souls is expected to be greatly increased as the project progresses." The consul adds that "if the plan should succeed only in part, it promises to revolutionize commerce and shift trade balances and traffic in this part of the world."

In conclusion, the reader's attention is called to a series of articles which will appear shortly in the *Deseret News*. They come from the pen of that indefatigable traveler, Frank G. Carpenter. In the near future he is to take us across Egypt, Palestine, and perhaps farther north, describing, as he goes, the trend of modern civilization in the oriental countries. Let us watch the birth of a new empire!



JOHN DANIEL THOMPSON MCALLISTER.

Born, Lewis, Sussex Co., Delaware, Feb. 19, 1827; died Jan. 21, 1910; joined the Church July 5, 1847. Missionary; carrier of the stone block of Utah to the Washington Monument; holder of many civil offices, including Territorial Marshal, and Chief of the Salt Lake fire department; member of the Deseret Dramatic Association; eleven years president of St. George stake; carpenter, mill laborer and business man; a worker in the temples and in affairs religious—in all cheerful, energetic, true and faithful to the end.

IN THE HEART OF THE WASATCH.

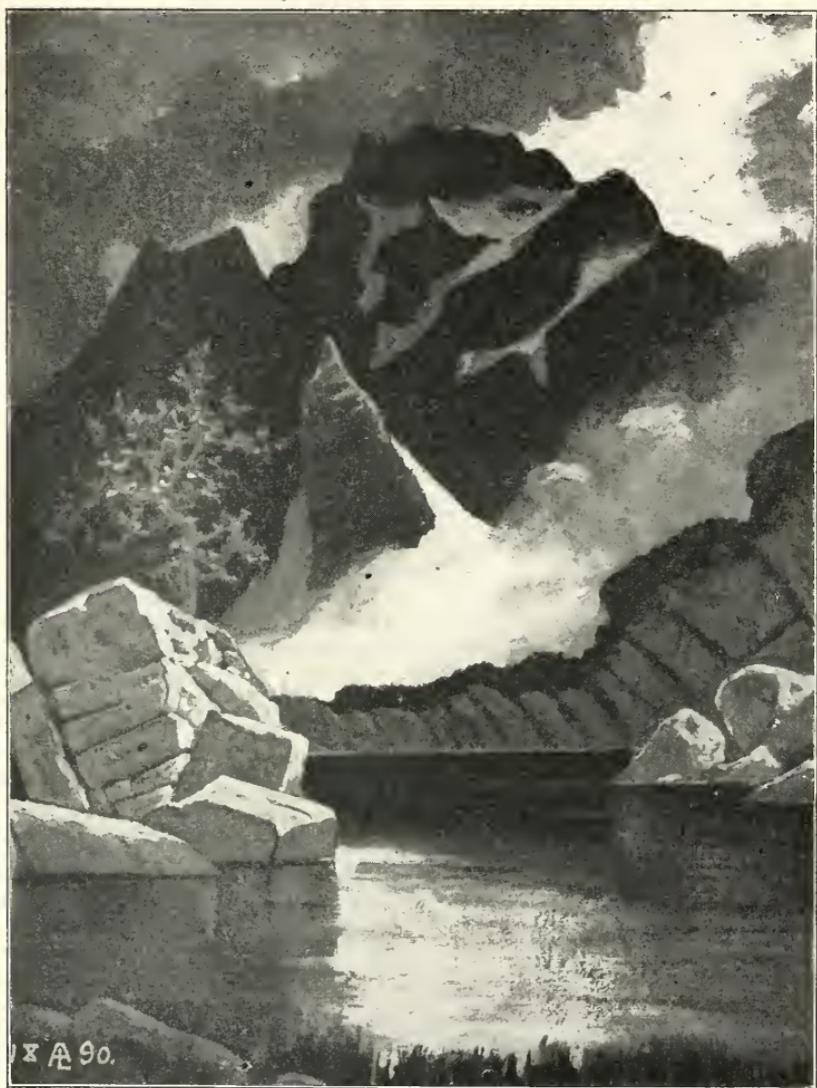
THE CRADLE OF A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Behold a Babylonish pile arise,
On which throughout the year the deep snow
lies,

While at its spiral base, as lost in sleep,
A mountain lake lies cold, and dark, and deep.
Upon the zig-zag cliffs of iron grey,
Heavy and wan, the storm-clouds hold this
day.

The Tower of Babel now the thick murk
glooms,
And like a mighty spectral shadow looms,
Dim, black, gigantic, saving for the snow,
Reflected vaguely in the lake below.
Anon, O dreadful sound! the thunder peal,
When e'en the giant mountains seem to reel.

From "Plet," a poem by Alfred Lambourne.



IN THE HEART OF THE WASATCH.

CRADLE OF A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Sketch by Alfred Lambourne.

The Call of Authority.

BY H. R. MERRILL.

II.

It was the day before Christmas. The snow was falling in large, feathery flakes, robing sagebrush and grease-wood in dewy white. Around the Williams' farm stretched the fantastic shapes in three directions, until all was lost in the snowy mist. Behind the house the cleared fields lay, with the yellow stubble barely visible above the snow. In front of the farm house the county road wandered away into oblivion to the north and south. The lonely house and corrals and stables were as entirely shut off from the world by the falling flakes as if they were alone upon the earth.

Inside the house all was clean and comfortable. It is true, there was no more furniture than was absolutely necessary for the accommodation of the family, and the furniture they had was built more for durability than for beauty, yet there was some influence about the place that proclaimed it a home in the very broadest sense of the word.

Everybody was preparing for Christmas. Mrs. Williams was busily engaged making fancy cakes with which to fill the little stockings when Santa Clause should come. The savory odor from cooking pastry and roasted meat was pleasant, and seemed so good to Ted that he ceased driving his chair-horse long enough to exclaim,

“Oh, mamma, I can even smell Santa Claus!”

Molly, a lass of seventeen, was assisting in the preparations, with her sleeves rolled up and a daub of flour on her nose, but, on the whole, looking very healthy and sweet. Ted, a boy of eight,

was busily engaged with his chair-horses, while little Eva was getting her doll ready to receive dear, old Santa Claus.

Mrs. Williams stopped with her knife in the air, as she finished cutting out a fancy cookie elephant,

"Is that your father and the boys, Molly?" she asked.

Molly dropped the rolling pin and ran to the door.

Yes, it's them!" she cried, all excitement; for she knew that Santa Claus' pack was somewhere in the sleigh.

John Williams came in, after shaking the snow from his coat and hat and wiping it from his beard.

"It is certainly snowing. If it keeps on like this we'll have two feet of snow in the morning," he said.

"Daddy, daddy, did you see Santa Claus?" the children cried, as they gathered around him.

"Yes, I saw Santa Claus," he answered, as he took the two youngest on his knees.

"Did you tell him to bring me an engine, and a drum, and a pocket-knife?" Ted asked.

"Santa says he is very poor this year," the father answered, as he stroked his hair. "But he sent this for me to give to you today."

He brought out a sack of stick candy, and the children were soon back with their games again.

"Did you get a letter, John?" his wife asked.

"Yes, we got a letter from Jimmy."

The elderly lady wiped her hands and adjusted her spectacles. Her hands trembled as she took the letter.

"Poor boy!" she said, wistfully. "I wish he could be with us tomorrow."

She took the letter, and, sitting near the window, began to read, but she had to wipe her glasses several times before she was through, for there is some subtle influence that steals over the heart at Christmas time, which causes us to crave for all that we love to be near. She knew that her Jimmy was among strange people, and that they were anything but friendly to the humble "Mormon" elders who left home and family and friends to yield obedience to the Divine call to go and teach all nations. She knew, also, that since the first Christmas the Master and his true

followers had been persecuted and slain for the testimony which they bore.

“The boy seems to be doing all right,” the father said. “It seems that he has obtained a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel, at last.”

“I’m so glad I came,” he writes. I can never be too thankful, either, although it is very hard to get the money for him. He talks as though he is making it go as far as he can.”

“Yes, it’s hard to get the money,” Mr. Williams said. “Taxes are past due now, and he asks for money, and I’m sure I don’t know where it is coming from. The price of wheat was low this fall, and there was no sale for hay, at all, and money’s so scarce that I can’t borrow any. I’d hate to have the boy come home, for I am sure that if he doesn’t do the world much good, it will be a good experience for him.”

“No, John, we mustn’t think of Jimmy’s comin’ home, as long as we have a roof over our heads, ’till he’s released. I’d rather mortgage the farm first, and then Jimmy can help us pay it off when he comes home.”

“I always hate to think of mortgagin’ the farm, now we’ve got it cleared, and in a condition to bring something in, for it’s been a long, hard fight—but then we know Jimmy’s engaged in the Lord’s work, don’t we, Mary? And He says to seek first the kingdom of heaven and his righteousness, and all things will be added. For thirty years these old hands have grubbed and hoed and worked on this farm, but if my life’s work is needed for the spreadin’ of gospel truths, I am willing to give it all. I ain’t so young as I used to be, but I can start again.”

“Yes, John, everything belongs to the Lord, and he will repay. Everything must come right in the end, for he is our guide; and even if we should ‘die before our journey’s through, all is well.’”

After the chores were done, the boys came in and prepared for supper. John, the elder of the two, was like his father—hale and hearty—but the lines on his forehead, even at that early age, proclaimed him a thinker. Francis was tall and slim, but, for all that, strong and healthy.

When all were seated around the table, the father returned

thanks, after which each one helped himself to what he desired of all the good things, for, although there was nothing costly or grand about the meal, it was such a meal as can only be found upon a western farmer's table.

"We are all here but one," the mother said, as she looked around at the smiling faces. "I hope that he has a shelter tonight and a good place to stay."

The meal went on in silence, on the part of the old folks, for each was thinking of the vacant chair. One was wondering where he could find a man who would take a mortgage on the farm, while the mother was thinking of her wandering boy, and praying God, in her heart, that he would raise up friends to care for him.

When supper was over and the dishes were washed, the family gathered around the stove, parching corn and telling stories of other days. The feathery snow had changed to dry, cutting flakes. The wind had arisen and howled mournfully around the house, as he rattled the windows and sifted the snow through the crack under the door, in a vain endeavor to do away with this one cozy spot which defied his power.

"It's a bad night, tonight," Mr. Williams said, as he took a handful of corn. "We should be thankful for our comfortable home, if we haven't much money."

Just then the dogs began to bark, and went bounding along the porch.

"I wonder what that can be?" Mrs. Williams said, as she opened the door and looked out. "There's a man at the gate."

Her husband went to the door. A man left his horse at the gate and came in.

"Good evening," the stranger said.

"Good evening," Mr. Williams replied. "It's rather a bad night. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, it is a bad night. I was wondering, mister, if I could put my horse up and stay here tonight, or a while, at least, till my horse rests a little. He's plum give out."

"Why, certainly. Come in. The boys will 'tend to your horse. John, take the gentleman's horse and put him in the stable."

The stranger shook the snow from his wide, white hat, and

stepped into the room. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow, and was attired in a long, yellow 'slicker.'

"Take off your 'slicker,' and make yourself at home," Mr. Williams said, as he placed a chair near the fire.

The 'slicker' was removed, and the man stood revealed, clothed in the wild splendor of a western cowboy. The children opened their eyes when they saw the leathern chapes, and the great pearl-handled revolver that hung loosely from the stranger's belt.

"I ain't in no Christmas togs," he said bashfully, "but I hope you won't mind."

"Not at all, my boy," Mr. Williams said heartily. "Just move up to the fire and thaw out a bit."

"Yes, do, and I'll fix you something to eat. Make yourself right at home. Molly, set the gentleman a plate." The kind lady busied herself about supper for the guest.

"We were just talking about what a bad night it is. It's a good thing you found us and stopped."

"I kind 'a hated to stop," the stranger said, "but Buck was plum give out, so I had to. But I hope I won't inconvenience you none."

"Not a bit, sir," the good lady responded. "We've got a boy out somewhere among strange people, and we are not a-goin' to do anything for you but what we'd like somebody to do for him."

"Yes, we've got a lad out in Illinois on a mission—but maybe you don't know what that means. Well, we are 'Mormons' and when our young men are called on a mission, they go and travel without purse or scrip, where they can. Our Jimmy's been out more than a year now, so, you see, whenever we can we are glad to repay some good Christian who cares for our boy, by givin' someone else's boy shelter."

"I used to work with a young 'Mormon,' and he told me something about this missionary work," the stranger replied. "He told me that the missionary had to pay all of his own expenses, too. I should think it would take quite a lot of money to do that."

"Yes, it does," Mr. Williams replied, as a shadow passed over his face.

"Yes, it takes a lot of money," his wife joined in. "It

is pretty hard for us just now, but I know we'll pull through somehow. Won't you sit up to the table now?"

After the stranger had commenced eating, he looked so frank and listened so well and seemed so young, the old lady launched forth upon her favorite theme—Jimmy and his doings. She told how much they missed him, and how hard it was to get money enough to keep him, and how the Lord had blessed them since he went, and then, in conclusion, she said:

"We are in the tightest pinch that we've ever been in, right now. Taxes are due, and Jimmy needs a new suit, and crops were poor and prices low. John says he doesn't know where he'll get the money, but we are goin' to try and mortgage the place, but dislike to do it, for John has been workin' on this farm for thirty years, and mortgages are so hard to pay."

The voice faltered, and sounded full of tears, but with an effort she finished:

"I know the Lord will open up the way for us. He has never failed us yet."

"Mary, the gentleman won't want to hear all that. It's Christmas, besides; so, away with cares, for tonight and tomorrow, anyway."

When the stranger was through eating, they all gathered once more around the fire, and resumed the corn-parching and stories. The stranger was very silent, but seemed to be enjoying the home-like circle. Occasionally his eyes would wander to the sweet, womanly face of Molly, but if she happened to catch his glance, they would fall, and a deep blush would creep up beneath the tan to the very roots of his dark hair.

When the hour was growing late, Mr. Williams arose and said, "It is bedtime. Let us have prayers and go to sleep, so Santa Claus can come."

The family moved their chairs around in a circle and kneeled down. The cowboy stood looking on, embarrassed, not knowing just what to do, but, just as Mr. Williams began to pray, he dropped onto his knees. When the simple ceremony was over, he brushed a tear from his sunburned cheek. It was the first prayer that he had heard in a family circle for many years. What a

crowd of memories came flocking back to him, as he listened to the humble invocation!

He was assigned to sleep with one of the older boys. When his head touched the pillow, his fancy carried him back to the little cabin on the Potomac, and once more he could hear the sweet voice of his mother, and feel the tender lips, as she kissed him good night and tucked him in his little bed.

The next morning, when all was excitement over the treasures which Santa Claus had brought—although they consisted of but a few nuts and a little candy for each, and a few cheap toys and fancy cakes for the little ones—the stranger took his hat to go out to look after his horse, and lo, Santa Claus had remembered him, also; for there, in his hat, was a bag of candy and nuts, as big as any that any of the children had received. He put it in his pocket and went out with moistened eyes, caused by the thoughtful kindness of these people to a total stranger. When he reached the barn, he found the farmer's horse outside in the cold, and his own pony snug and warm in the comfortable stable. He greeted the glad whinny with a kind word, and, as he rubbed the broncho's yellow neck, said,

"Buck, old boy, we fell in with friends this time, but, I reckon, we'll soon have to be on our way. I hate to leave, for it's the first real home that you and I have struck for a long time."

When breakfast was over, the stranger arose and said awkwardly,

"You folks have been very kind to me, but I reckon I'll have to be goin' now."

"Why, it's Christmas day! Can you get home in time for dinner?" Mrs. Williams asked.

"Well—not quite in time for dinner, but I don't know as that will make much difference. I ain't been home for Christmas dinner for many years."

"Well, I never! How's that?" the good lady exclaimed. "I always like my boys home on Christmas."

"I ain't got what you could call a home—but the ranch—and most of the boys go home, so I usually knock about somewhere," the cowboy answered.

"Then you'll stay right with us," Mr. Williams said decidedly. "We've got one vacant chair, anyhow. We haven't anything very grand to eat, but if you will stay you will be doin' us a great favor."

The man looked from one kind face to the other, and at the home-like room.

"Well, if it won't be imposin' I'd like to stay, for it seems good to be at home," he finally said. "Christmas is so lonely when you are alone."

Thus it was settled that the stranger should stay. The day was spent as Christmas day can only be spent--with pleasure around the home fireside, amid the crack of nuts, the pop of corn, and the delicious smell of turkey and plum pudding.

In the evening the stranger "thawed out," from the combined influence of the fire and the brotherly kindness shown towards him, and told many thrilling tales of the cow camp and the trail, until all were sorry when the clock struck twelve. After thanks returned to the Father who is the Lord of the Christmas day, and is so kind to his children, the family circle broke up, and all went off to bed with many cheery good nights.

When the stranger and Francis were preparing for bed, the cowboy suddenly asked,

"Would you show me a picture of your brother Jimmy?"

Francis opened the old desk and took out a photograph of Jimmy, dressed in missionary style. The stranger looked at the face for a moment and then asked,

"Did he ever work in Montana?"

"Yes, he spent three years up there herding cattle," Francis replied.

The cowboy handed the picture back.

"I think I have seen him before," he said, as he got into bed.

The next morning, when breakfast was over, Buck was brought out and saddled, in spite of all the farmer's warm invitation to stay longer. When all was in readiness, the stranger put his hand into his pocket and said,

"Now, Mr. Williams, what do I owe you for the keepin' of my horse and me? I can never pay you for your kindness, though."

"Don't you mention pay to me, my boy. Didn't I tell you that I've got a boy out somewhere, and maybe he can't pay; but if that wasn't the case, it would be the same anyway. Our latch string is always out, and when we get too poor to keep a traveler without pay, why, I reckon, we'll be most too poor to live."

The stranger was a true westerner, and tried no more to pay for that which is not for sale—true hospitality.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said. "I hope you'll forgive my offerin' to pay, but if I ever get a chance I'll repay it."

He shook hands with the farmer and the boys, and then, as he took the good lady's hand, he said awkwardly,

"You've been very good to me, misses. Tell B—— Jimmy, hello for me."

He swung into the saddle, and as he rode through the gate he raised his hat to Molly, who appeared at the door for a moment.

"Now, boys, hook up!" Mr. Williams cried. "I've got to find somebody who will let me have some money."

The boys went off to the stable. Mr. Williams and his wife went into the house, with sad faces. The farmer began preparing to go to town, while Mrs. Williams went in to make the boys' beds. He had just got his coat on, when his wife came running out of the bed-room. With trembling hands she held a piece of paper out to her husband.

"Oh, John, read that!" she cried excitedly.

John took the paper, and with wonder read:

A couple of years ago, I knowed a young "Mormon" who was called "Brig." I liked him pretty well, and we came to be pals. He was called on a mission. When he left, he told me if I ever wanted a mother to go and see his. I didn't know this was his home until last night. You have been both a father and a mother to me. I happen to have a little money with me, and I hope you will accept it for "Brig's" sake.

JACK HILLMAN.

The old man unrolled the bills and counted them.

"Two hundred dollars!" he cried, when he had finished counting them.

"O John, we won't have to mortgage the farm!" The good

wife threw her arms around her husband's neck, and they wept for joy.

"Well, Mary, the good Book says that bread cast upon the waters, after many days shall return, but ours returned the same day."

Out on a snow-clad hill a traveler stopped his horse and looked back at the lonely house set, with its few corrals and stables, upon a wide stretch of matchless white. He gazed wistfully at the barren scene, and tears moistened his eyes, as he took a little Testament from his pocket and reverently kissed it.

"No wonder 'Brig' got homesick," he murmured. And he turned his horse and rode leisurely on into the frosty north.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, FOUNDED BY BRIGHAM YOUNG, AND OPENED MARCH 8,^h 1862.

IN THE HEART OF THE UINTAHS.

LAKE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT AGASSIZ.

Lo, now the yellow twilight in the west
Grows dim and fades upon the mountain's
breast.

And when the lake and crags have turned
to jet,

The crescent moon hangs where the sun
had set.

No less the gloom and aged savageness
Impress the thought than does the gorgeous
dress

Brief summer lends to this high altitude,
Between the fierce assaults of winter rude,
When round and round the snows are drift-
ed o'er,

Until it seems the steps can hold no more,
And in vast combs along the mountain wall
The avalanche hangs poised for instant fall.

From "Plet," a poem by Alfred Lambourne.



IN THE HEART OF THE UINTAHS.
LAKE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT AGASSIZ.
Sketch by Alfred Lambourne.

Utah Freighters' Last Haul.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

The year 1868 was known throughout this whole Rocky Mountain region as the big railroad year. The screech of the Union Pacific locomotive was heard upon the plains, and the great road was soon to penetrate the everlasting hills. Prominent Utah men contracted to build about two hundred miles of track, but



Photo by Carter.

Utah freighters' last journey over the plains, Elk Mountains—wagon bosses in the foreground.

were unable to proceed until supplies could be brought from the terminus of the Union Pacific, way off in the plains of Wyoming. The spring was wet and backward. The mountain streams, during the break, became raging torrents. Toll roads, toll bridges and ferries were so numerous along the route, that it would have bankrupted the ordinary freighter to patronize them all. Before winter was fairly over, the old-time freighters hitched up their



CHARLES S. KIMBALL.

Born Jan. 4, 1843
D. P. Kimball's wagon boss.

GEORGE CRISMON.

Born July 5, 1833; died
January 27, 1908.

CHARLES CRISMON.

Born June 14, 1844.

teams and made a break for the railroad terminus, some five hundred miles away to the east of Salt Lake City. There were upwards of three hundred teams in the company, owned by George Crismon, Charles Crismon, Malin Weiler, David H. Cannon, William Streeper, Samuel McIntyre, William McIntyre, Riley Judd, Quince Knowlton, William H. Hooper, Heber P. Kimball, David P. Kimball and others. Each company traveled under the supervision of a wagon boss, or captain. Most of the drivers were experienced western men, not afraid of anything, and in endurance as tough as the proverbial boiled owl.

About the first of May they started on their perilous journey. All went well until they reached Coalville, where one of the boys came near losing his life. Chalk creek was overflowing its banks, and had cut a deep channel around the bridge. As he was fording this dangerous place, his saddle animal lost its footing, and

away they went down stream. Had it not been for timely aid, he and his outfit soon would have been floating over the briny waters of the inland sea!



E. M. WEILER.

Born April 18, 1839.

In the afternoon of the third day they arrived at Echo Canyon creek, where was an old-fashioned poll toll-bridge, costing, I venture, less than one hundred dollars. For crossing this shaky old structure, which was almost submerged, the keeper demanded three dollars per wagon, cash down. The bosses refused to pay it, so decided to ford the treacherous stream, if possible. The crossing was just above the bridge, only a few rods from where the creek empties into the Weber river. For the trial trip they selected the best team in the outfit, a magnificent four-thousand-dollar ten-mule team, owned by Hooper and Knowlton. Before the venture was made, a number of the boys gathered around with axes and lariats, to be used in case of trouble. When all was ready, Bill Luce, Hooper and Knowlton's wagon boss, mounted the near wheeler and started his outfit through this mountain torrent. As the trusty leaders neared the center of the stream, everybody watched with bated breath. The moment the animals reached the main channel, the current picked them up, quick as lightning, and carried them down stream. In less than five seconds, three pairs of mules disappeared under the bridge. In less time than that, the draw chain, that held them to the wagon, was cut, by one of the men on shore. Quick as thought, the animals shot down stream, with incredible rapidity, but before they reached the raging, roaring

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Photo by Ellis & Goodwin.

WILFORD LUCE.

Hooper and Knowlton's wagon boss. Born Nov. 7, 1838, Vinal Haven, Fox Island, Maine; died Aug., 1906.

waters of the Weber a number of expert throwers of the lariat lassoed the heads of the mules, and within a very short time, the six drowning animals were safely hauled ashore. A shout went up from a hundred throats in honor of the boys who performed this heroic act. The toll-bridge keeper stood nearby, a pleasant smile playing over his countenance, thinking, perhaps, that it is better to be born lucky than rich. He collected the toll without further trouble.

When the boys arrived at Yellow creek, they faced a similar



FORT BRIDGER, 1868.

Photo by Carter.

proposition, except that it was mud to cross instead of water. Here they were compelled to pay another three dollars per wagon, there being no way to avoid it.

Next day they reached Bear river. The first object to meet their gaze was a big sign-board with this inscription: "Toll-bridge, five dollars for wagons; fifty cents a head for loose animals. No credit here." This meant about fifteen hundred dollars toll for the outfit, and the captains' pocketbooks had already, from previous drains, commenced to crumple at the corners. It had rained every day since they left home, and the river

was, therefore, very high. The bosses first scanned their gaunt pocketbooks, then studied the sign over the bridge. They sat down on the river bank to watch the driftwood, as it shot by at the rate of half a mile a minute. After partaking of a hearty meal, they gathered fresh courage, and set about to ford the river. As good luck would have it, in doing this they lost neither man nor beast, a feat nothing short of a miracle.

Next morning they came to another mud stream, with a cheap bridge over it. The proprietor wanted three dollars per wagon



J. QUINCY KNOWLTON.
Born July 9, 1835; died
December 13, 1886.



WILLIAM MCINTYRE.
Born March 19, 1848.

for the privilege of driving over this rickety old thing. The boys, however, saw a way around it. They drove about a half mile above, and selected a place where it was believed they could cross. At that place the slough was about one hundred feet wide, and the banks on both sides were almost perpendicular. The mud was so deep that even loose animals could not wade through it. Besides this, a blinding blizzard was raging. With these disadvantages staring them in the face, the boys were yet equal to the occasion. Unhitching a number of their animals, they drove them, single-file, over a rough mountain trail, some distance above, at which place

they crossed. Returning to the mud-hole opposite their wagons, they arranged their teams once more for action. In the meantime, the men who remained on the other side drove their wagons very near to the slough, and let them down into it by hand; then, taking long chains, fastened the ends to the wagon-tongues and, wading, carried the other ends over to the boys on the opposite side. The teams were now hitched to the ends of these chains, and so the wagons were hauled over. The majority of the boys worked at this job in mud and water up to their waists, all day long. By five o'clock that night camp was again on the move. At the foot of Quakingasp ridge they found plenty of wood. Here they built bonfires, dried



LONE WOLF.

A Cheyenne brave; many a scalp to his credit.

their clothing, cooked supper and went to rest, satisfied that they had outwitted another greedy toll-bridge keeper.

Next morning the snow was a foot deep, and the wind still blowing. The boys got a late start, and it was nearly noon before they reached the summit of Quakingasp ridge, the highest pass between Salt Lake City and the terminus of the railroad. The roads were somewhat better from this point on, and it was down grade most of the way to Green river. However, it was almost impossible to get around the numerous toll-bridges that continued to block their progress. To cross such streams as Green river and the North Platte on ferries cost five dollars for each wagon, to say nothing of the risk taken in swimming their animals over.



BIG BEAR.

A Cheyenne warrior.

The Indians were hostile that season, committing depredations all along the road. Reaching Bitter creek, the boys were compelled to get out their breech-loaders. Thus equipped they were prepared to defend themselves against their dusky foes. Being experienced Indian fighters, they were well acquainted with the cunning ways of the lurking redskin thieves. On the plains, a few hundred yards away, one cannot distinguish an Indian from a white man, which fact gave the Indians a great advantage. Scarcely a day passed, after they left Bitter creek, but their teams were stampeded, for the animals were quick to catch the scent of the red man. Sometimes the animals ran several hundred yards before they could be stopped. Several of the drivers came near losing their lives in these run-aways. The wagons were empty, hence easily drawn. The teams often started to run without giving the slightest warning. After Elk mountains were reached, all were supplied with fresh meat, since from there on plenty of elk, deer and antelope were encountered.

Just twenty-nine days from the date the boys left home, they



From an old photograph.

TEAMSTER SCALPED BY THE INDIANS, NEAR FORT LARAMIE.

arrived at Big Laramie, the terminus of the railroad. It had stormed every day up to this time, consequently they had slept in damp bedding the whole distance. The Big Laramie river was very swollen. The bridge across it had been carried away. The tie con-



Photo by Carter.

CHURCH BUTTES.

Twenty-five miles north-east of
Fort Bridger.

tractors, however, had built a boom at this place, which answered the purpose of a foot bridge for those who dared to cross it. It consisted of green logs coupled together with log chains. The river was about one hundred and fifty feet wide with a strong current. The boom was completely submerged. A streak of white foam, caused by the rushing waters beating against the logs, being the only visible guide. The whirling waters made the boom dance like a jumping-jack. It was as much as a greenhorn's life was worth to undertake to cross it.

Laramie City was on the opposite side of the river, and about two miles from camp. As soon as darkness brooded over the land, every driver in camp crossed the boom, and even jollied one another in dare-devil fashion as they went, by churning the logs up and down in the surging waters. Reaching town, they remained until midnight

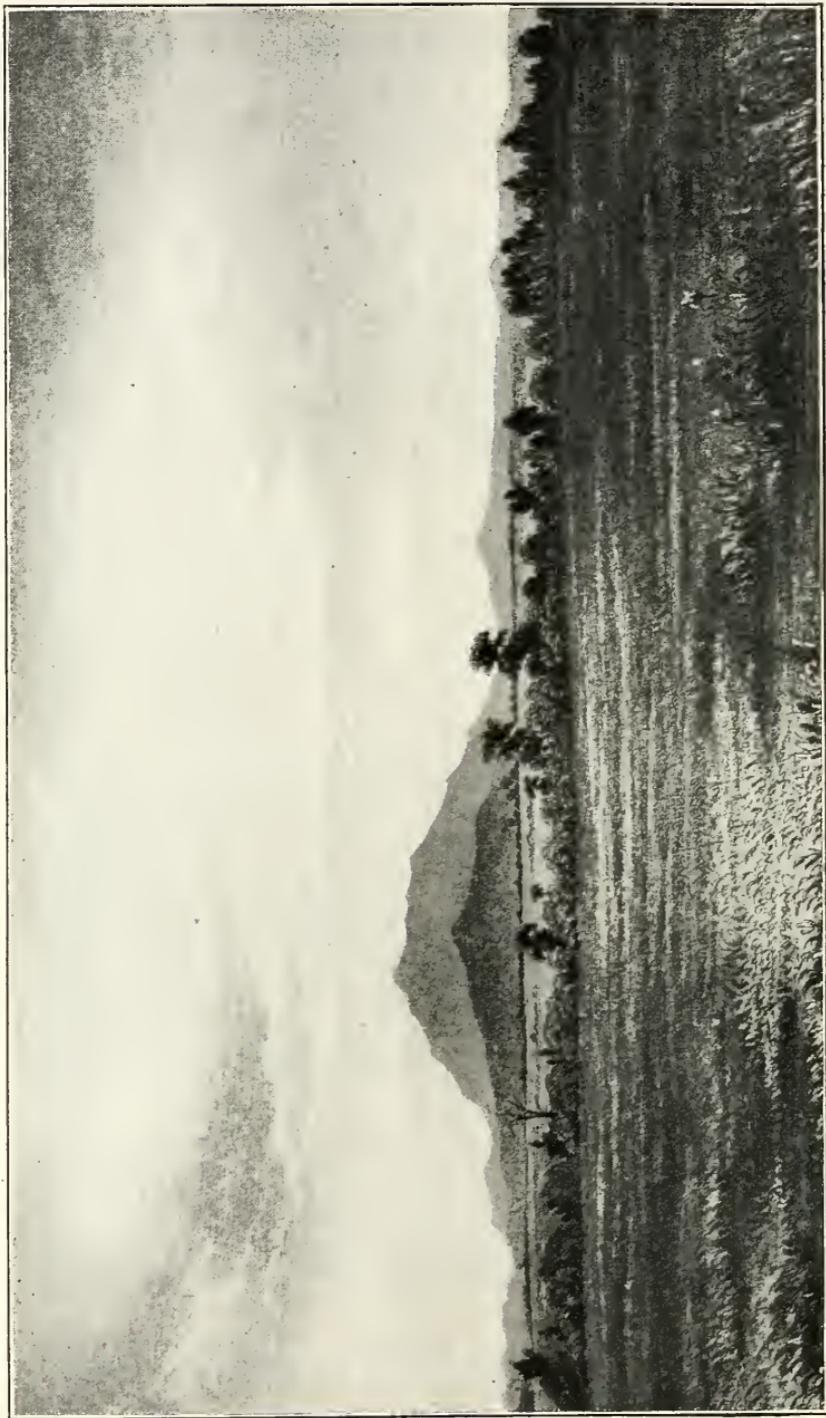


Photo by Carter.

MEDICINE BOW, WYOMING, 1868.

One of the last buffalos to roam the
plains.

watching the sights—no tame affair. Hundreds of desperate characters were gathering at this place for what they could get out of it. They often killed a man for a dollar, and if he hadn't the dollar, they were apt to kill him for not having it. Shootings



Route from Liverpool.

LARAMIE PEAK AND PLAINS, LOOKING WEST FROM FORT LARAMIE, WYOMING.

were so common that only little attention was paid to them. Every surething-game ever thought of was brought into requisition at Laramie City, which at that time was the "Sodom" of the plains, sure enough.



JOS. C. RICH,

The humorist; born Jan. 16, 1841; died Oct. 17, 1908—was a boon companion of W. R. Judd.

After nearly a month, the delayed goods, for which the Utah boys had been waiting, arrived. Then there was "something doing." The goods consisted of plows, scrapers, wheelbarrows, powder, and every other thing in the line of supplies for building the railroad. Nearly every wagon had a cart hitched behind it, and some wagons had two or three. With their wagons loaded, the boys were soon homeward bound. The rich bunch-grass was now knee deep, and their animals became as fat and sleek as seals. The roads being in splendid condition, good time was made. Uncle Sam, by

this time, had stationed soldiers along the road, and the Indians were pretty well subdued.

Reaching Bitter creek, the freighters found it lined with railroad graders of the lowest type. The sluggish creek was nearly a hundred miles long, and thousands of workmen were sporting in its waters in the July weather and, besides, washing their dirty clothing in it. While this did not improve the taste of the water, it made but little difference to the graders, as the water they used for culinary purposes was hauled from Green river and other far off places. The freighters, however, were compelled to drink Bitter creek water, or go without. By the time they reached the mouth of this filthy stream, the water was so thick and slimy that Riley Judd, in a fit of rational



WILLIAM RILEY JUDD,

The humorist; born May 9, 1833; died August 20, 1885.

humor, declared that after he started drinking the water he could not let go until he had clipped it off with his scissors. It was so full of alkali and other poisonous substances that it came near killing some of the toughest mules in camp—but the boys escaped.

Arriving at Bear river, the majority of the returning freighters went to work on the Naunna contract. This job completed, they went to work on President Brigham Young's one-hundred-mile contract, remaining there all winter. Crismon Brothers had a thirty-six mile contract which occupied the most of their time that season. That winter hay could not be purchased at any price, and



Photo by Carter.

The Old Z. C. M. I. and West Side Main Street, Ogden, 1870.
The Eccles Building is now located on this site.

their animals were fed solely on shelled corn. Often in the morning the boys found several dead animals lying around camp. Crismon Brother alone lost about fifty head. Had it not been for the exorbitant prices the railroad people paid for their work, such losses could not have been sustained. As soon as the railroad reached Ogden, early in May, 1869, the occupation of the Utah freighters was gone. They sold their outfits to the highest bidders and invested their means in other enterprises. Thus ended

the big railroad year of 1868, and forever the days of freighting over the plains.



Photo by Carter.

Old Utah Central Railway station, Ogden, Utah, 1870. Looking east.

I Know.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

I know in whom I trust—my Father, God and King.
 I know thy word is sure—that it one day shall bring
 My weary, earth-bound soul back unto thee once more.
 I shall not knock in vain; if I'm but true, the door
 Will open wide for me.

I know in whom I trust; though fierce the battle-cry,
 No foe can e'er o'ercome when thou, my King, art nigh.
 Then give me strength to live more near to thee each day,
 To love, to hope, and give, to work, and watch and pray,
 That I may reach my home.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

The Carlyles and their House at Chelsea.

BY FLORENCE L. LANCASTER.

III.

Time remains for a brief glance only at the other rooms, as the sun hastens on his course, and the housekeeper is busy watering the plants in the walled plot of ground on which the dining-room and certain other windows look, called the garden.

On the staircase we are reminded of the literary atmosphere that was about the place. Here, now intimated by diagrams, were hung portraits and sketches pertaining to English and German literary men, and to the scenes and personages relative to the subjects of Carlyle's books. It was evident that the author of the life of *Cromwell*, of *Frederick the Great*, and of a host of other biographies, believed that much could be learned from the face, for the walls of his studies abounded in portraits, some of which still remain. Up the first flight of stairs are the drawing-room and Mrs. Carlyle's bed-room.

The first named is a good sized apartment with three windows and two doors, and was used for some years—until it became the drawing-room permanently—as Carlyle's sanctum. Here *Cromwell* was written and, no doubt, *Hero Worship*—first delivered as a course of lectures, thought out and prepared. Among the relics that it now contains are certain portraits, a case revealing manuscripts, and letters written by and to Carlyle, and a bookcase filled with some of the volumes that composed his library. A large engraving of the speaking face of Goethe is from a portrait painted during life. We note the high brow, beautiful with lines, the noble Roman nose, the tender gravity of

expression, the genius a-gleam in the eagle-glance of the ardent eyes. Over the fireplace is an equally faithful portrait of Mrs. Carlyle, in oils. Among the manuscript, letters, etc., are three cards from Goethe, which at different times accompanied presents to Carlyle. Each contains some greeting in impromptu verse, one being signed in the immortal poet's hand, *Goethe*, the others simply *G*.

Carlyle, on his death, bequeathed to Harvard University the bulk of the volumes used in the writing of *The French Revolution* and *The Life of Frederick*. Yet these remaining volumes in the case give an index to Carlyle's studies, strikingly consistent with his productions. Among them are divers dictionaries, French and German, and a book entitled *The English Shakespeare*. Written in their own tongues are lives of Schiller and Goethe, a set of *Moliere's Works*, and a *Life of Melancthon*, in Italian. There is an edition of the *Works of Plato*, in English, a *History of English Literature*, in German, and among the English books are Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Ruskin's *Political Economy of Art*, Bancroft's *History of the Colonization of the United States*, and *Memoirs of an American Lady*, by Mrs. Grant. By the way, the pleasant-faced Scottish widow who "shows you over," will tell you that of the visitors who come to visit her renowned countryman's dwelling, six per cent are Americans, the German nation next predominating.

From the room above described we step into Mrs. Carlyle's bed-room, a small apartment containing the skeleton of a four-poster, and two invitingly low cane chairs. The tiny dressing-room adjoining overlooks the walled enclosure, verdant with vine and creeper, and a pear tree whose rustling foliage curtains the window. In it a black-bird sings to his mate the same liquid notes sung by his ancestors in that bough to Mrs. Carlyle's sensitive ear.

CARLYLE'S BED-ROOM AND THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

The house being built according to the plan of only one or two rooms on a story, to gain these rooms necessitates the climbing of another flight of stairs. The guest-chamber is of airy dimensions. In it Emerson slept when on a visit to Carlyle. It was interesting to recall some of the conversation between

these two men, whose originality consisted in feeling and thinking sincerely, and the expressed and tacit understanding of essentials as they said "good night" at the door.

Half the bed-room occupied by Carlyle is taken up by a huge four-poster. The accompanying marble-topped wash-stand and painted deal dressing-table are pieces of furniture of the plainest. In the adjoining dressing-room is a stout mahogany crook, worn by the hand that grasped it, and beside it a plaster cast of the hand. Browning says something about a beautiful feminine hand being "a woman of itself." We look at this hand with the long fingers, straight and strong, the vigorous knuckles and well-developed, square-cut nails, and feel that the hand of Thomas Carlyle is a man of itself—a hand to be trusted, a noble hand.

THE GARRET STUDY.

This sequestered apartment seems remote from the rest of the house, and almost from the world. It receives daylight from a skylight in the roof, and contains two doors, each of which opens into a closet-passage, convenient for coal scuttles and fitted with pegs. Here Carlyle was closeted during the writing of *Frederick the Great*, a work whose several volumes it took some thirteen years to complete. To obtain some of the necessary information Carlyle twice visited Germany, and with such thoroughness are battle-grounds and plans of manœuvre therein described that it is to this day used as a work of reference by students preparing for examinations in the German army. Among the engravings the walls contain are two curious portraits, in a double frame, of Voltaire, who, of course, figured in *A Life of Frederick the Great*. One of them depicts well-cut features, animated by a smile from scintillating eyes and writhing mouth, crowned with laurel. The other is of a crouching old man in a skull-cap. These represent, respectively, the French and English ideas in those days of Voltaire.

Another most interesting engraving depicts the grim potentate, Frederick, himself. In the long, thin nose, the prominence above the beetling brows, the intensity in the starting eyes, are concentrated in hieroglyphics the history which the patient and just mind of Carlyle expounded for all men, circling around a being one might imagine to laugh, but never to smile.

Before we leave the house, let us turn once more to the picture over the mantelpiece, in the last used room down stairs.

An old man, with hair whitened by time, an Inverness cloak wrapped about him, gazes with a deeply inward-seeing eye, in which there is a touch of ineffable mournfulness, into the past. We translate that look of introspective mournfulness—the mournfulness of intense sympathy of a bereft old age, beset by a super-sensitive touch of personal contrition, but sustained by the consciousness of great works accomplished to the best of a true mind's power, by Carlyle's own words—"Not happiness, but something higher."

There is about Carlyle's style a solemn resonance and rhythm that reminds one of the music of the sea. And as the very manner of his expression suggests the sublime in nature; his thought reveals the spirit of the essential and fundamental in life. There is no other writer, perhaps, who makes us realize with so startling force the trivial unreality of convention, and of the mere outward phases of life that wrap us round. Judged from a somewhat superficial standpoint, however—which would apply more in the relation of daily companionship than in any other—Carlyle may be said to have had the limitation of his greatness. His moods were seldom attuned to a reception of the lyric in nature, and the contemplation of life as a mere pageant, or as an infinity of impressions for imagination to play upon, seldom lent diversion to his mind. Yet such were the essentials of the man, that, had circumstances called on him to prove them in objective ways, he would have played full well, according to the times, the role of a Mohammed, a Cromwell, a Washington, as he nobly fulfilled his part of *The Hero as Man of Letters*.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

(THE END.)

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

VII.—Throwing Away Our Happiness.

If in the desert, a lone traveler, in angry protest against the hardships of his journey, were to slash with his knife his goat-skin water-bag, letting the hot sand drink up the water that means health, strength, life itself, it would seem—supreme folly.

If a shipwrecked sailor were to slip voluntarily from his rude raft of spars in mid-ocean, thrust it far from him in disgust that it were not a finely upholstered boat, and, forsaking it, trust himself alone to the powers of winds and waves and darkness, it would seem—contempt for the mercies left him.

If we were to see a man idly roll a hundred dollar bill into a splint, hold a lighted match to it and watch the charred fragments fall to the floor as a dead memorial of uselessness,—we would remember it for a lifetime. We would dilate on the waste, the folly, the great possibilities for good and helpfulness wantonly sacrificed to vanity and vandalism.

In our every-day life there are countless instances of happiness thrown away just as foolishly for a trifle,—perhaps but the puny gratification of a moment. It seems more hopelessly inexcusable than to cast aside a pearl and save the empty, useless oyster shell that enclosed the treasure.

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

Our happiness rarely dies a natural death. We slay it with our own hand, or others kill it for us. The veriest trifle may keep it alive, the veriest trifle may kill it, and yet selfishly, blindly, we still the heart of our own happiness or that of others. We may even irreverently throw the blame on the scheme of the universe—when we alone are at fault.

Happiness does not consist of what we *have* but what we *are*; not in our possessions but in our attitude towards them. It is the serenity of the soul in the presence of a present joy. It is not absolute, requiring certain fixed conditions; it is relative. What would be a fast for one might prove a royal feast for another. Happiness does not always require success, prosperity or attainment. It is often the joy of hopeful struggle, consecration of purpose and energy to some good end. Real happiness ever has its root in unselfishness—its blossom in love of some kind. We make or mar our own happiness and that of others to a larger degree than we are willing to admit. It is easier to pose as victim of conditions than to prove oneself victor.

The soul of our happiness may be—love. This love may be so fine and great and simple and it so fills our life that it leaves no room for pain, as light crowds out darkness. It may, with its Midas touch, turn even our trials and troubles into the gold of sweetness, strength and consolation. It may stand ever between us and the world—as a bulwark keeps back the sea. It may become to us an angel of hope holding our hand with gentle pressure when the clouds hang low, sustaining us when the way of life seems hard.

This honest love may ever trust us; forgiving and forgetting may be its atmosphere. It may inspire us, recreate us, give wings to us when downcast, a new shield to faith and new heart to energy. We may have this great happiness all our own, firm in our grasp, yet for a mere trifle—we may throw it away, or let it fall gradually from us—like pearls dropping, one by one, silent and unnoted, from a broken necklace.

We let some petty, mean trait of ours, some weakness we should master through self-control, cheat us of our happiness. We have held some penny of momentary satisfaction so close to our eyes that it eclipses the sun of our happiness. A foolish jealousy

that deadened our ears to explanation, that shut our eyes to the truth and that stilled our tongue when it would speak the words of faith we could hardly keep back—we have let this jealousy, this snap judgment, expressive not of real love but of wounded pride, swallow up our happiness—as the ocean engulfs a treasure ship.

We may let idle gossip, false sympathy, imbecile advice from those who know absolutely nothing about our real condition, shut us from love and faith, breed doubt and suspicion, and choke trust as by the fumes of some noxious gas. We may let some other folly which comes from our false interpretation cheat us of our happiness like one ignorant of the meaning of a deed—signing away a fortune.

And when it is all over we may not have the moral courage to go back, as we should. When later, conscience holds, in a bitter hour of realization and loneliness, its sad post-mortem over the dead happiness, it may be very poor satisfaction to know that we killed a love that we needed and that needed us—for such a trifle.

Friendship that meant much in our happiness, that was rest, refuge and joy, may be thrown away for a trifle. Friends, real friends, are rare in the individual life. We cannot have many of them. They do not come in bunches like bananas. They are never found ready-made at all. They are formed by weathering the same gales of fate together, by standing the heat of conflict together, by kinship of mind and heart, by common interest in a common ideal, by basic understanding, mutual dependence, thorough respect and loyalty that grows stronger as need grows greater. Acquaintances we may have many, but acquaintanceship is—merely the grapes of possibility from which the rich wine of friendship is aged and mellowed.

Friends are usually necessary to happiness. Robinson Crusoe could hardly have been genuinely happy in his isolation, no matter how he kept his optimism breathing by frequent applications of oxygen from the tank of his philosophy. Even love does not long satisfy unless there is in it real friendship and companionship. Love is, in reality, only a supreme, unique brand of perfected friendship. But we may throw this element in happiness away in a mood of selfishness and blindness.

For the empty pleasure of a clever, cutting taunt we may

give a stab-thrust that may kill a friendship. We may take the kindly expressions of our friend as a matter of course, demanding as a right what belongs to us as a courtesy. You cannot force a spontaneity any more than you can make the bud a full-blown rose by forcibly opening its petals. The bud becomes a rose by natural expansion from within. A friend's need is our opportunity. A momentary neglect or coolness at a psychologic moment, when the tired heart needs sympathy, encouragement or help to the utmost, may begin the death of a friendship.

Some people like the dividends on friendship, but not its assessments. They really do not need a friend, they want a bank. When there is not mutual helpfulness—not necessarily the same in kind or in degree, but the helpfulness in which each gives freely his best to the other, as naturally as a flower exhales perfume—the friendship is like a patent that is nearing its time of expiration.

Ingratitude kills friendship or rapidly attenuates it to a point where it must die of anæmia. If we value our happiness or our friend, let us gladly expend the time, energy and thought required to keep the relationship—free, clear, fresh-running as a mountain brook. An idle, flippant breach of confidence, at a moment when it seemed almost calculated treachery, may kill a friendship or a happiness growing for years.

A hasty surrender to temper, a sudden heat of anger, may be followed by a drop of sixty degrees in the temperature of a relation between two people. It may destroy a real happiness as a blizzard may, in a single night, ruin a fruit field. There may be an unkind letter, a cruel fling of cynicism, or an unjust slur or sneer that meant only venting our own sad disappointment, chagrin or deferred hope, on an innocent friend. We may have been conscious of the injustice before the words were cold on our lips, but some mean streak in our nature may have kept us from calling them back.

We are often happy in our hopes, our plans, our purposes or our possessions and let the envy of another poison the well-spring of our happiness. Envy is a drug that stupefies energy. It does not give us what seems so beautiful to us merely because it belongs to another. The very thing we desire might not fit us nor

agree with us even if we could get it. Have you ever noticed how much more interesting your neighbor's paper looks than your own, as you let your eye wander to what your seat-mate is reading? Have you ever felt that the meal some one else has ordered looks much more appetizing than yours, even though you could have had precisely the same if you had desired?

Happiness does not come from comparison of our lives with others; we have our own life to live at its best, not—the lives of others. Let us get what we can from our own paper, our own meal, our own life. Let us live so intently, so bounteously that the joy from our life will overflow into others, will make us better able to help others, will transform us into castles of refuge to those who need us.

Nursing a grievance does not bring us happiness. Being hypersensitive to the opinions others have of us puts us into the false position of making their approval our court of appeals instead of our own conscience and self-respect. False pride too often betrays us into surrendering the realities of life for the poor satisfaction of an hour. Some persons are so busy putting poultices on their wounded vanity that they let their happiness die of inanition. Living each day at our best, simply, sincerely, sweetly, is the surest way to win happiness and—to hold it.

(The next article in this series, "Sitting in the Seat of Judgment," will appear in the June number of the ERA.)

We Want Men of Deeds.

Men of deeds are what we want today. The man who says, "This should be done," is generally one who always shirks. Let him rather say to his fellowmen, "Come, let us push along." He does not wait for his brother to accomplish that which it is his own duty to do. What would the world's progress have been today if all men had lagged behind with no one daring to take the lead upon a better road? Let us, then, join hands to be leaders and doers of what we teach, so that our deeds may shine forth as beacon lights on the mountains of achievement unto which the world of men shall long to come.—*W. J.*

President John R. Winder.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

In the death of President John R. Winder, a strong man and a remarkable pillar of the Church passed from the activities of this existence to new achievements in the world of spirits. For nearly sixty years he was a familiar figure in Salt Lake City and Utah, and took a leading part in a variety of public interests in our commonwealth. Business, industry, agriculture; civil, political, and military affairs and religious labors, constantly occupied his time and talents. In every capacity he was trustworthy, honest, just, kind, plain in deportment, willing to serve; energetic and loveable, public-spirited, simple in habit and taste, a good and noble man,—a splendid type of the pioneers of Utah, and a faithful Latter-day Saint.



THE OLD WINDER HOME IN BIDDENDEN, COUNTY OF KENT, ENGLAND.

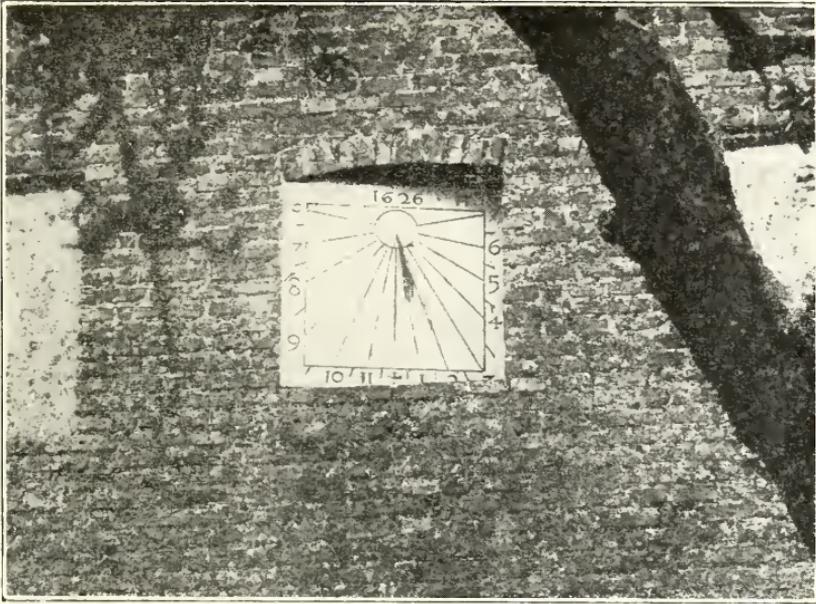
He was born in Biddenden, a little village in Kent, just west of Dover, in the southwestern part of England. At the age of twenty, with a very limited education, he set out for London to make his own way in life. In reality he had already done so, because from the day he was old enough, he had been compelled to toil for his own living. A little incident in this his early life was related by him to his band of temple workers, some years ago, which shows his trust in the watchcare of God:

I was a poor little boy. I was sent out into the fields to keep the birds off the grain, and it was a very lonely spot, surrounded with woods. (I might say this was a little more than seventy years ago.) Being entirely alone, I was somewhat fearful, and I remember that I was impressed to kneel down in the brush and pray to the Lord that his angels might watch over and protect me from harm. I remember now, just as well as I see your faces, that that was the end of my fear. I also think that that was the beginning of my success in life. Although that spot is many thousand miles distant, and it is more than seventy years ago, I could walk straight to that very spot where I knelt down, and where I received that blessing.

Having obtained a situation in a west end shoe store, he labored at this task for about seven years; and in the meantime he married Ellen Walters, November 24, 1845, and later went to Liverpool, where he resided some seven years. It was in this city that he first heard the gospel. The strange circumstance that led him to the Latter-day Saints is best related by himself, as told to his temple friends:

The manner in which the gospel came to me was somewhat singular. I was in a store one day, and a person had torn up a letter into very small fragments and thrown it on the floor. I was impressed to pick up a small piece of it, and on that piece of paper were the two words, "Latter-day Saint." I looked at it and wondered what it meant. I never had heard of Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," or Joseph Smith, or anything of the kind. I was impressed to take it over and ask the man who was at the desk what it meant. He happened to be a Latter-day Saint, and he went on and told me what it meant, and where these people were meeting in Liverpool, and I attended their meetings.

He soon became convinced of the truth, and was baptized September 20, 1848, by Elder Thomas D. Brown; his wife joined



Sun Dial on the old Winder home in Biddenden, County of Kent.

some weeks later, and was baptized by Elder Orson Pratt. They were associated with the Liverpool branch until February, 1853, when they sailed for America, arriving in Salt Lake City, October 10, of that year. Ten days out on the Atlantic, small-pox was discovered among the passengers, and Brother Winder was taken ill with the disease. One young man lying next to him in the quarantined house on deck died, and was cast into the sea; the sailors, referring to Winder, said, "We will have him next."

"I did not believe what they said," he stated later, "I had a living faith that I would recover and get to Zion."

This abiding faith carried him through many dangers, for on another occasion he said: "Several times I have been snatched, as it were, from death by the hand of the Lord. I know this as well as I stand here."

Arriving in Utah, he began business as a tanner, and as a maker of harness, saddles, boots and shoes, associating himself in this work with Samuel Mulliner and William Jennings; and later with Brigham Young and Feramorz Little, in which latter partnership he erected a tannery in Parley's canyon, which was operated until the native bark became so scarce and the competition of importation so strong that they were compelled to abandon the business.

Then it was that he purchased his well-known Poplar Farm, south of Salt Lake City, and began the pursuit of farming and stock-raising, in which he took great delight all his days, and succeeded admirably.

As to his military activities, he joined the Nauvoo Legion in 1855. This body of militia was perpetuated in Utah because there was need often, in those early days, of protection from the Indians. He was captain of a company of lancers; and, as in all things that he undertook, he did his work here so carefully and well that he soon became prominent in military circles. He was in the Echo canyon war during the fall and winter of 1857-8, where he had charge of fifty men, left to guard the canyon and its approaches after General Wells and Colonel Burton had returned home and Johnston's army had gone into winter quarters at Fort Bridger. Being temporarily relieved of duty about Christmas, it became necessary to call him on an Indian campaign in the West. He raised eighty-five mounted men, and with General George D. Grant, in early March, pursued a band of thieving Indians through Tooele county, and onto the Great Desert. The party was caught in a storm, lost the Indian trail, and returned to Salt Lake City. Only a short time after this, Colonel Winder was called with a company of men to take charge of the defenses in Echo canyon. He remained in service until the unfortunate episode was over and peace was declared. In the Black Hawk war of 1865-6-7, Colonel Winder was a part of the time an aid to General Daniel H. Wells. He collected and made a statement of the accounts of the expenses of this war, amounting to \$1,100,000 which was presented later to Congress, but only recently, and after many efforts, has there been hope of recognition.

For fourteen years, beginning with 1870, John R. Winder was assessor and collector of Salt Lake City; he served in the city council for three terms, 1872-8; and served also for about three years as watermaster.

His religious duties and offices were many and important. In the spring of 1884 he was chosen second counselor to Presiding Bishop W. B. Preston, in which position he acted until October 17, 1901, when he became first counselor to President Joseph F. Smith in the First Presidency of the Church. In the quorums of

the priesthood he held nearly every intermediate position, including High Councilor of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and was persistently zealous and active in his work.

In 1892, at the April conference, it was decided to finish the Salt Lake temple by the next April for dedication, forty years from the day of its beginning. President Wilford Woodruff and his associates looked about for a man who could and would undertake to supervise the accomplishment of the immense task. The man chosen was John R. Winder, and he went about the work with characteristic zeal and determination. People said the work could not be done. Some of the workmen thought so. President Winder said recently, referring to that matter:

I never had a doubt in my mind but that it would be accomplished. It never entered my mind that it could not be accomplished. I remember on one occasion, I had heard that some of the brethren at work had said it could not be done; so I called them together in the building. There were two hundred and fifty men. I was standing talking to them, and telling them that if there was a man among them that felt this work could not be accomplished, let him please get his pay and go to work



A STREET IN BIDDENDEN, ENGLAND.

Home town of President John R. Winder.

somewhere else. I did not know that President Woodruff was in the house, but it appears that he stood right behind a curtain that was up there, and heard what I said, and throwing aside the curtain he said: "That's right; the work has got to be done, and if there is anybody here that thinks it can't be done, let him leave."

Characteristic of President Winder, whenever he undertook anything, so in this case, the work was done, done well, and on time. When we remember that he was then past three score and ten, the remarkable activity of the man becomes apparent.

This was really the beginning of the period in which his greatest life-work was accomplished. He not only finished the task by his faith, energy and work, but was a liberal donor to the fund which met the heavy expenses of the work, at a time when the Church was heavily involved financially. After the dedication, in April, 1893, he was selected and sustained in May following as first assistant to President Lorenzo Snow in charge of the temple. He remained a temple worker all his remaining life.

At the temple dedication services President Joseph F. Smith commended Bishop Winder for his faithful, persistent and efficient labors, and pronounced a blessing upon him for time and all eternity. And the promise for this life surely came true, for he was exceedingly blessed in every way, and his heart was so full of thanks and gratitude that he could not refrain in every public speech to call attention to it and to thank and praise his Father in heaven. And for the future, happiness and eternal life are his.

He was exceedingly modest, and was adverse to any distinction being made of him. The ERA desired to print a character sketch of his life, and obtained a near friend of his to prepare it.

The paper was presented to him, but he objected: "It will not do," he said, "to write that way of me. There are so many good, faithful men who have done as much or more for the cause than I have, that it is not wise, in my position, to hold me up as a special example. In my feelings I am always opposed to distinctions among the Latter-day Saints. Not that I do not appreciate the kind sentiments expressed, but it will not do. Why should I be singled out?"

So the article was not printed, and out of deference to his wishes, never will be. Pictures of his early home in England, and



CHURCH AT BIDDENDEN, WHERE THE WINDERS WORSHIPED.

scenes in Biddenden prepared to accompany the discarded article are, however, presented with the present very inadequate sketch. The writer treasures many crisp counsels, wise sayings, and pointed expressions, heard at various times, in various places, under different circumstances, and uttered by the lips of President John R. Winder. His personal advice and counsel were not always agreeable at first, for he had a very terse way of saying things, but in the end they generally proved pleasant, best, and a blessing to him who followed them. Union, love and fellowship among the Saints, publicly and privately, he always sought to promote. His counsel to individuals was not mere mechanical words. When he counseled simplicity of life, you might be sure he lived the simple life; when he told a young man that purity of thought and action is the best course, it was because he had traveled in it; when he advised frugality and thrift, it was because in his own life he had practiced these virtues; and when he impressed a young man that truthfulness and honesty are essential in business, it was because that was his policy all the day long. He was outspoken, and faithful in expressing his sentiments. On one occasion he gave this talk, which is a fair sample of his counsel:

Never seek for place or power, for fame or honor, lest you embitter another life with jealousy, or canker another heart with envy. Remem-

ber the covenants you have made—in the waters of baptism, and in the House of the Lord. Be honest in your dealings with your own people, and with all the world beside. Remember, O remember, to keep all your covenants—with yourself, with your families, with your brethren and with God! So will God remember you and yours, in the day when he makes up his jewels.”

His being chosen first counselor to President Joseph F. Smith was the greatest surprise of his life, he declares:

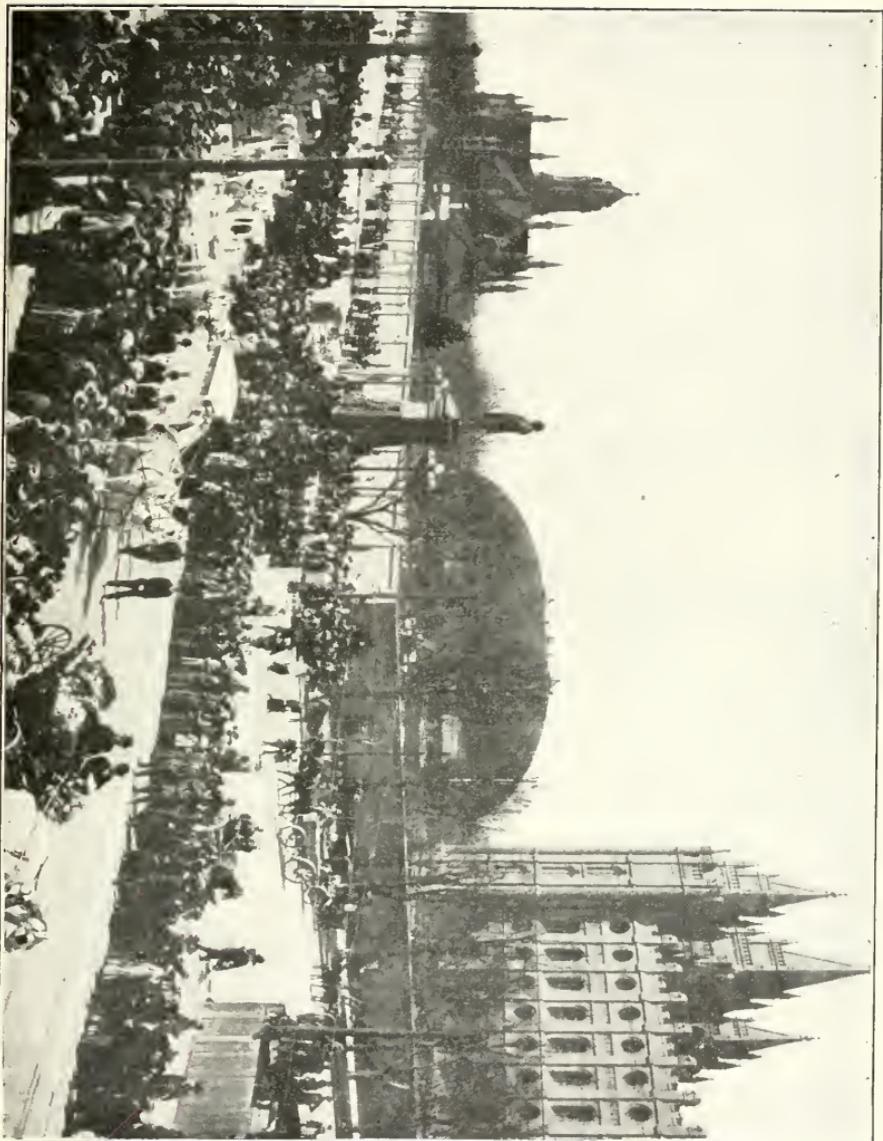
One day President Smith sent for me. He said, “Brother Winder, are you willing to act as my counselor?” What could I say, brethren? To think that one who had sprung from the source I had, without any education (for when I was old enough I had to toil for my own living), slow of speech, feeling as though I could pass through the floor whenever I am called upon to speak to the people—was it possible that President Smith could choose me for his counselor under these circumstances? Don’t you think, brethren and sisters, that I know how to appreciate these things? I think I do.

His modest, energetic and effective service, his discretion, his conservative action and wise judgment, in this position, are evidences of the inspiration that led President Smith to select John R. Winder for the responsible station.

His optimistic spirit held to the last, and he requested that there should be no “moaning at the bar when he put off to sea,” and that his family should not wear black at the funeral—requests strictly adhered to. His favorite hymns were sung at the funeral services: “O my Father,” “Who are these arrayed in white?” “Mid scenes of confusion,” “Rest for the weary soul,” and “Zion stands with hills surrounded,” the last being sung at the cemetery. Funeral services were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, beginning at 11 a. m., March 31, 1910. That thousands attended, including leading authorities from all parts of the Church, the governor and officers of the state, the mayor and officers of the city, judges and leading business men and citizens, was a testimony of the love and esteem in which he was held by all classes of people. More than two thousand people were at the grave, which was dedicated by Bishop Franklin S. Tingey.

A sentiment from each of the speakers is here given:

W. W. Riter: “He was totally without guile; plain in deportment, and had only one standard—right and justice.”



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF JOHN REX WINDER.

Passing east at the intersection of Main and South Temple Streets, March 31, 1910.

Bishop George Romney: "I feel I have lost one of my very best friends on earth. Not a soul who worked with him for seventeen years in the temple but what loved him. He has been the instrument of releasing thousands in the spirit world, and he has gone to meet them yonder. He was one of the best men that ever lived upon God's footstool. He would willingly have laid down his life for his friends. I am as certain that his family will have the privilege of meeting Brother Winder in the life beyond, as I am that I stand here today."

B. F. Grant: "So resigned was President Winder to go, that he frequently dedicated himself to the Lord, saying, 'Oh, Lord, here I am, poor, weak mortal man that I am. Father, I am dying, do with me as thou wilt; and if it be thy will, I am willing to go on, or stop laboring in this life, and if it is thy will I am here. There is nothing in my heart but to say, Thy will be done, not mine.'"

President Anthon H. Lund: "He was a wise counselor—a just man. He ever had a smile on his face. I learned to love him—I was proud of his confidence. His opinion was sought; his word was to be relied on and he spoke what he meant, and meant what he said.

Richard W. Young: "Colonel Winder had many of the qualities of a soldier—bravery, foresight and keen judgment. He was a man of strength, without harshness, a man pre-eminently just and considerate."

Heber M. Wells: "Among his eminent characteristics were his perfectly wonderful industry and his untiring energy. * * * He was good to the poor and ever kept his life sweet. He was a friend and an inspiration to the young man."

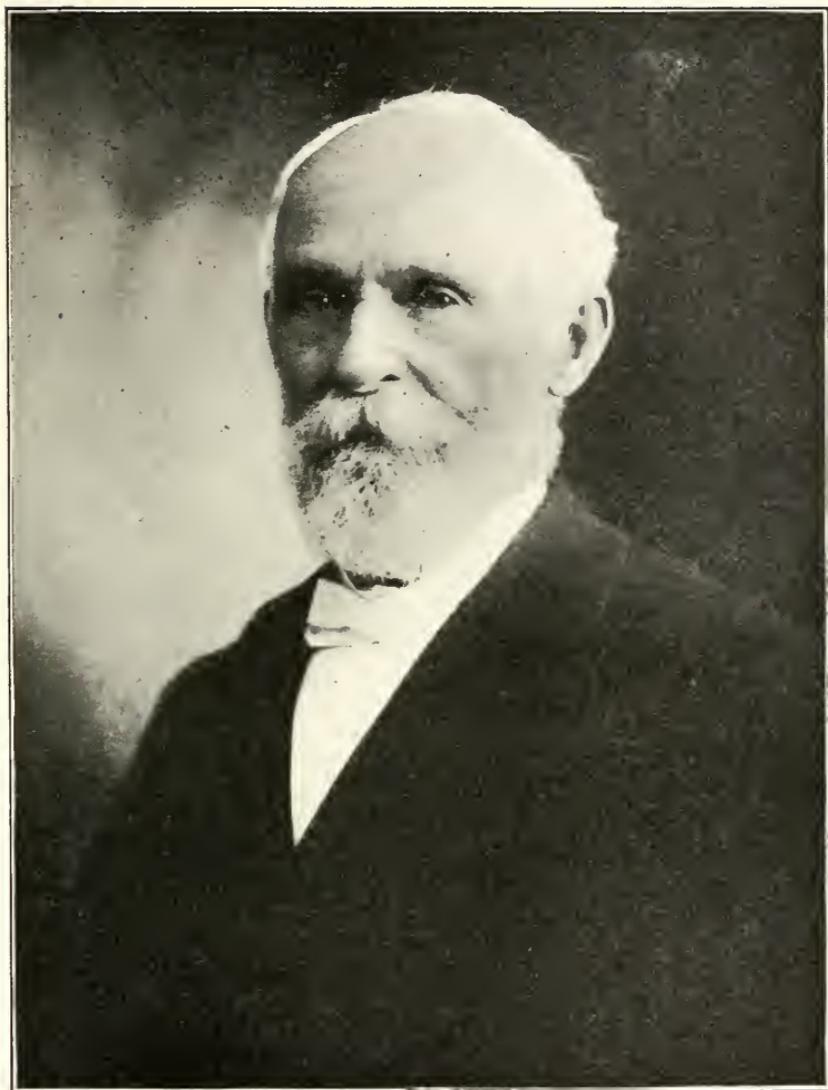
Nephi L. Morris: "I shall cherish his memory as long as I live."

President Francis M. Lyman: "He sought the Lord early, and was never forsaken. No man ever came more worthily into the First Presidency than he."

Heber J. Grant: "John R. Winder has done more for me in the hours of trouble and financial stress than any other man."

President Joseph F. Smith: "If any man loved him any more than I do, I say God bless that man. In his military career and all other phases of his life, he never sought office nor honors; they were always in search of him. Heaven itself could scarcely be more true than President Winder was true."

John R. Winder possessed comparatively little of this world's goods, as men count wealth these days, though he had plenty for his needs, and for his splendid family, but, as one of his friends remarked, "He is a rich man; he fought the good fight, and he has won eternal life."



JOHN REX WINDER.

Pioneer, counselor, temple-worker, Churchman, militiaman, civilian, agriculturist and business man; born, Biddenden, England, December 1, 1821; joined the Church September 20, 1848; arrived in Utah October 10, 1853; joined the Nauvoo Legion in 1855; entered political service in 1870; was chosen counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, April, 1884; selected for temple work in 1892-3; became first counselor in the First Presidency of the Church October 17, 1901; died March 27, 1910.

Tribute of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.
to President Winder.

At the general board meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, held on Wednesday, March 30, Elders Heber J. Grant and B. H. Roberts were appointed by President Joseph F. Smith a committee to prepare a suitable expression of appreciation of the life and character of President Winder, to be recorded in the minutes of the General Board; and to report at the next meeting of the board which, on account of the general conference of the Church, convened Wednesday, April 13, at which time the following report and appreciation were read and unanimously adopted by the members of the board:

To the Superintendency and General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations:

BRETHREN:—Your committee, to whom was referred the matter of drafting for our board minutes suitable notice of the demise of the late President John R. Winder, a member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, present the following:

IN MEMORIAM.

In the life and character of the late President John R. Winder the young men of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints may see at once the triumphs of the gospel when applied to human life, and the value of human life when consecrated to the service of God and fellowmen. His was pre-eminently a useful life, full of activity applied to practical things, rather than to the development of ideas. He was one who emphasized the importance of common things—the things with which men have most to do, about which they are most concerned, and the doing of which moulds the character of individuals and nations. This does not mean that his life was exclusively, or even chiefly, given over

to what are generally recognized as secular or material affairs; his life's activities embraced the spiritual as well as the temporal, only in the spiritual, as in the temporal, he was practical. The great underlying principles of the gospel—the fundamentals on which religion rests—he seemed to grasp by an act of faith, and ever after hold in consciousness; after which, for John R. Winder, there remained nothing to do but to go steadily forward, day after day and year after year, in doing that which God had appointed unto man to do, having sublime faith that if this were done the results promised of God, that cannot lie, would not fail. In this spirit he wrought his life's work—characterized by ceaseless activity, constant and systematic application to whatever was undertaken, a rare grasp of details and intuitive knowledge of their importance; to every trust he was faithful, to every promise—to spoken word as to written bond—he was true: and, withal, as unselfish in his service to man, to the state, to the Church, and to God, as we may hope to see a man in this our mortal life.

In his character, as in his life, he was every way admirable. Simplicity, directness, honesty, constituted a group of qualities strongly marked in him. Justice, which demands fairness for all, and charity, whence springs mercy and patience and brotherly kindness, were not acquired virtues, but native to his soul. If, after the purity of his mind, which arose from the harmonious blending of all his mental and spiritual qualities, one were to seek for the predominant characteristics of his spirit—the master note of the splendid symphony of his life—it would be found in his absolute faith and trust in God. The twenty-third Psalm voices the constant song of his spirit, and reveals the keynote of his life:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Long may the life's labor and character of President John R. Winder remain a memory in Israel to console the aged faithful, and to be an inspiration and a beacon light to the youth.

Let it be ordered that these expressions of our appreciation of the life and character of President John Rex Winder be spread upon the minutes of this General Board meeting; that they be published in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, the organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations; also that a copy of the same be neatly pen-engrossed, suitably bound and presented to his family.

Respectfully submitted,
 HEBER J. GRANT,
 B. H. ROBERTS.

Worth Your While.

Remember, young man, that a backbone is infinitely more important than a wishbone.

Young people who are deferring marriage until they can afford to live stylishly, are making a great mistake. The material rubbish with which we may surround ourselves does not create happiness. That comes from the song in the heart.

“I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain, as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece, every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, John Ruskin.

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

VII.—George W. Middleton,

WHO DECLARES THAT WHAT A YOUNG MAN NEEDS IN ORDER TO
GET ALONG IN ANY CALLING IS, NOT NATURAL BENT,
BUT INTELLECT AND CHARACTER.

Here is a man who, some five and forty years ago, was born on a stream that had volume enough only to drag itself past ten or twelve doors before evaporating in the hot air or slinking away ignominiously into the skirts of the Great American Desert, and whose only intellectual nourishment came out of Rollin's *Ancient History* and a few dog-eared school books taken home to con of an evening.



DR. GEO. W. MIDDLETON.

rare type of what a medical man ought to be and to do in the world.

How did he get there, and why?

The external facts of Dr. Middleton's life are soon told, there are so few of them. Like many another man who has wrenched success out of city life, he was born and reared on a farm—a farm in Hamilton's Ford, down there in Iron county, Utah. His father was an everlasting worker, and believed that everybody else should be. And so young Middleton had to do his share of the farm toil—for which he very naturally feels more grateful now than he did then. Of course, he went to school, such as it was in those early days in the country, and quickly picked up all there was in the way of education at the Ford. And when no more was to be got out of school, he prosecuted a search for lore on his own account. The only books accessible to him then, besides the one I have mentioned, were the school speller, in which he became so proficient that he could spell down the village, at contests in orthography held every once in a while; the National series of Readers, which have started out on the royal highway of learning many generations of men and women; and an old copy of a work on algebra, which he mastered, not only out of sheer dearth of reading matter, but because he liked mathematics. Night and morning, while the rest of the family were asleep, he worked patiently and with zest, by the dim candle light, at all these books till he knew them by heart.

At twenty-one he went to the B. Y. Academy at Provo, where he fell in with some more books, got under the spell of that great magician, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, and breathed for three years the atmosphere of enthusiasm and learning that has always abounded in that institution. He was graduated in the last class under the administration of Dr. Maeser. For the next two years he conducted the Summit Stake Academy. After that he studied medicine at the College of Physicians and surgeons, at Baltimore, spent one year at the London Hospital, and another at the Johns Hopkins' Hospital. Between these college and hospital courses, however, he practiced medicine in his home county, where he obtained a large business and performed some brilliant surgical operations. Ultimately he came to Salt Lake and established himself with his old friend, Dr. Allen.

Though Dr. Middleton has a large practice in the state, and

is having exceptional success in surgery, to which he is gradually inclining from medicine, still it is not this sort of experience that has interest for the average young person. The doctor is a remarkable man, as all men must be who attain eminence in any genuine pursuit; and being such, he has some remarkable opinions. It is some of these that we shall find of most interest and value.

“Dr. Middleton,” I asked, “what natural aptitude do you think a young man ought to have who wishes to become a physician?” and was surprised at the answer.

“No natural aptitude at all,” he promptly replied. “All anybody needs in order to get along in any calling is intellect and character. If he has these, he can succeed; if he lacks them, he will fail. And it does not matter what he takes up in the one case or in the other.”

This opinion was so entirely out of the usual run of ideas on the subject, that I determined to find out whether I had heard correctly.

“Then you think that a young man can succeed as well in one vocation as in another?”

“Yes, provided he put brains and character into it. I notice that a great many men in history, who were eminent in a given thing, either were eminent in other things also, or showed that they could be equally eminent in other things. Look at Michael Angelo, for instance, and our own Benjamin Franklin, not to name others. A man comes into the world with a certain intellect and character to develop, with a given energy of soul; he turns it into this or that channel, and you see the result. Success is merely a matter of amount, so to speak, of the intellect and character the owner possesses. Whatever Franklin did, he succeeded in, because he had a high power of intellect and character, which he put into his work.”

“Anyway,” I added, by way of letting this thought sink into my mind,—“*anyway*, a young man requires some education and training in whatever calling he chooses?”

“That is another thing. Yes, a young man should have a lot of education and training to begin with. How much? Well, at least a good high school course, and a good medical course of four years on top of that.”

“How old should he be before he begins the study of medicine?”

“Not younger than twenty-four or five. His character ought to be fixed before he plunges into the sea of temptations he will find at all medical schools. At these schools he will most probably associate with immoral men, men who have not been impressed, as our ‘Mormon’ boys all have been, that loose morals are a bad thing. Here is where ‘Mormonism’ has done me a great service, it has kept me from partaking of the immoral influences that at various times I have been thrown into. And then again, medical students come in contact with dissolute women, and are sent to the sporting centres of the large cities where the colleges are situated. No young man should go into the atmosphere surrounding all our large medical colleges, whose character has not set so strongly that he can resist these temptations.”

“Speaking of medical schools, Doctor, what are some of the best? No; that is not what I mean. How can a young man know what to do when it comes to choosing a school?”

“He ought to go to the best. There are colleges and colleges in the United States. That is why a medical degree in our country is worth nothing in England—you can’t tell whether it comes from a school like Johns Hopkins (the only medical college in America recognized in England) or from some one-horse private school in the Southern States.

“That, too, is why I think all our medical schools ought to be chartered by the federal government. There are too many small poorly-equipped medical colleges in the nation. There should be fewer, and the standard of these ought to be exceedingly high, considering the importance to the people of the profession of medicine.

“But to return to your question. There should be nothing cheap in a physician’s education. It costs more, if its poor, than it does if its good—in the long run. The highest expense is, in the end, the cheapest in human lives and dollars and cents. If a young man does not know what school to go to, he ought to consult physicians of standing who do know. But he should make up his mind to have only the best training.”

“What about a young man’s motive in choosing the calling of a physician?”

“The only admissible motive should be to do good.”

“But it is rumored, Doctor,” I said, “that there is lots of money in this profession.”

Every physician and prospective physician ought to hear the answer, the whole of it—even more than I set down here.

“No man is worthy the name of physician who is in the profession for what money he can get out of it. Not dollars and cents, but the good to be done to humanity, should be a young man’s aim who intends to study medicine. And this aim brings money, too, whereas the commercial, mercenary aim does not. Suppose a man comes to me with a pain which I can relieve, but which he cannot pay for. Suppose, further, I relieve his pain, free him of his burden; he goes back and tells his neighbors, who are never dumb to an appeal to the God in them. And my practice grows accordingly. If money is what a physician wants, this is the only worthy way to obtain it—through advertisements of this sort.

“As a matter of fact, however, the great burden of a doctor’s bills falls mainly on one class, a class that can ill afford it—the man who works for daily wage. The rich can afford to pay well. The very poor cannot afford to pay at all, and so every physician has a good deal of charity work. To make my point clear: The other day a man was coming from a hospital, where he had had a child operated upon. I asked him what he had to pay for the doctor’s service. Five hundred dollars. He was a working man. He had paid seventy-five dollars and given his note for four hundred and twenty-five dollars! I left that man thinking hard. Here is a man, I said to myself, who will have to scrape and pinch for several years in order to pay this. Meantime, his children, this child and the others, will have to go without something that would really be necessary for their mental and moral development, and thus the family, the state and the Church be the poorer. This looks hardly right, does it?”

“Well,” I interposed, “what would you have done?”

“I think I should have looked into the case—inquired into the number of his family, found out what the man’s prospects were, and

charged him, perhaps, a hundred dollars. You know, I don't believe it would be a good thing not to have charged something — people don't generally appreciate it."

"What is the true physician's work?"

"If I were a layman, I would demand two things, and only two things, of the physician who treated me—first, skill, and second, absolute honor. There are too many physicians who prey on the prejudices and technical ignorance of the people. They rob them. But the true doctor will not do this. He will deal honestly with his patients. Such a man can find opportunities to do good everywhere, either in relieving pain and distress or in educating the people to the point where they can avoid certain diseases. You know some of our greatest plagues, like tuberculosis and typhoid fever, are mainly preventable. If people only knew, they could avoid these diseases. It is part of the true physician's work to teach the people how to prevent, as well as how to be cured of, these infections.

"And then there are a great many unfortunates in every community who will suffer all their lives, unless some kindly-disposed physician will help them without pay. I know two physicians in England—Dr. Openshaw of London, and Dr. Jones of Liverpool—who have from eight to nine thousand charity cases, besides their regular practice. Of course, these are rare exceptions, but only because the men have exceptional notions as to what a physician's real worth in the world is. I have seen these physicians in the midst of hundreds of unfortunate children, dealing with them in the tenderest manner, fondling them with a mother's affection. Here they found their true physician's reward, alleviating humanity's suffering; for charity brings out manhood in the practitioner as in others."

"And now, my last question, What ought a physician to do that he might keep growing?"

"If a medical man have character and intellect, he will grow. These are, as I have said, the main thing. An experienced physician ought to be better than one just out of college. His services are worth more. This is the case even where the physician has no more than mediocre intelligence. But there is a great difference between even experienced medical men. Some do

not, as you say, *grow*. And that *is* a great difference. This difference lies in their intellectuality. One doctor will see this fragment and that fragment, but not know what to do with *all* the fragments. Another will put these fragments together till he gets a circle. He will always be reasoning on the old facts, for the purpose of getting new information."

A splendid illustration of this *growing* in a physician is something that I happen to know of Dr. Middleton, but that he possibly might object to my using in this place, if he were asked beforehand. He was called in by another physician to consult over a child at the point of death, from an acute case of Bright's disease. The child was deaf, dumb and blind. After making an examination of the case, Dr. Middleton decided that the only thing to do was to perform an operation. He came to this conclusion in a most philosophical way. As is well known, in tuberculosis of the kidneys the covering of these organs prevents expansion. If, therefore, this covering were removed, there would be hope. The thing had been done before, but only in chronic cases, and with poor results. The operation was performed by Drs. Middleton and Allen, and in an incredibly short time the child was playing in the yard, perfectly well. So far as is known such a thing, under similiar conditions, has never been done before in the history of medicine, and it amounts, therefore, to a brilliant, original discovery.

"Among physicians there are two classes," the Doctor went on, "the satellite and the luminary. The first revolves around others, the second serves as a centre round which others revolve. The true physician, the one who wishes to grow, will shine by his own light. He is one who is a born luminary. There is much for the luminary-physician to do by way of self improvement. He must read much, and live in his cases. He must make generalizations from known facts. And, lastly, he must not be afraid to go away to see and hear men who have risen in their profession. See, hear, read, think, work—these are the watch-words of the progressive physician."

That Dr. Middleton has himself done what he advises young physicians to do, is evident from his extended trips to the best hospitals in Europe and America, the generalizing power of his fine intellect, his really excellent literary ability, and the larger

interest which he manifests in almost every subject. And this should be the last word to the prospective physician, based on the character of Dr. Middleton himself. Only the great physicians find themselves interested in subjects as foreign to medicine as mathematics and philosophy and general literature.

Sailing on Life's Sea.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

O'er life's great, surging, restless sea,
 That flows on to eternity;
 With earth's great throng who swell the tide,
 I'm sailing o'er the ocean wide.
 I see the throng now come, now go;
 They're drifting, drifting to and fro:
 I see the waves around them dash,
 I hear the breakers plunge and splash.
 And day by day thus do they sail;
 Some with their faces sad and pale;
 Some with white brows all marked with care,
 Whose sad hearts breathe a silent prayer.
 Others are asking God for aid
 To give them faith ere hope shall fade;
 And some there are with souls oppressed,
 And some who hide sin in their breast.
 Thus do they sail, the false, the base,
 And those who do a shadow chase,—
 The vain, the proud, the wretch, the knave,
 The good, the noble and the brave,—
 The true, the strong with hearts of worth,
 The giddy with their trivial mirth;
 The gallant and the stalwart youth;
 And those who wrestle for the truth;
 The haughty with their colors proud,
 And those who babble long and loud;
 Yea, vilest hearts that hell can name,
 And purest souls that God can claim,
 Are sailing here on life's great sea,
 That flows on to eternity.

SARAH E. MITTON.

Is Mother Earth Growing Old?

BY ALBERT JONES.

[This paper was read before the High Priests of Utah Stake on March 6, 1910, and that body of Priesthood has unanimously asked that it be printed in the ERA, to which request we give cheerful consent.—EDITORS.]

The estimated historical age of the planet upon which we reside is not so great, when we quietly make a reckoning of time; and although our minds have been, and are impressed today, that the early periods of this earth's history are so far in the past, being enshrouded in our thoughts with the mysterious charm that distance and age lend to every view of human life, yet the historical age of this, our earth, is not so great but that we can grasp the length of its duration: 4,004 B. C., 1910 A. D., according to the accepted Bible chronology, makes mother earth 5,914 years old at her last birthday. She stands the lapse of time very well, for her age—a little palsied and shaky a while ago near Italy; gave way to tears in the neighborhood of Paris, a short time since—but is yet taking good care of her children.

It is only 3,823 years since Abraham defeated Chedorla-omer, one of the great kings of the East; and, on his victorious return, paid tithes to the king of Salem. The story of this event causes us to stand amazed, as we glance down through the vista of time since that event occurred. Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, the Pyramids, Cleopatra's Needle, the mummified remains of Rameses the first, all hoary with age, crowd upon our mental vision; 5,914 years; now compare these figures as associated with time, to other enumerations: 5,914 bushels of wheat, 5,914 dollars! the

price of a horse, what a small sum, exhausted in less than a month by a modern spendthrift; 5,914 dollars would not pay the salary of a mayor of some of our cities, nor be sufficient as a retaining fee for certain of our celebrated corporation lawyers; 5,914 years, with this comparison, does not appear such an immense length of time. Only think of it! the united ages of eighty men, of seventy-four years each, would amount to six years beyond the historical age of our dear old Mother Earth.

Time is more easily measured than we think: for instance, take two of you high priests of seventy-five years each, and the second might have been present at the capitulation of Quebec, in 1759, when brave Wolf and Montcalm lost their lives. He might have heard General Wolf quietly reciting *Gray's Elegy* to his officers, as he crossed the St. Lawrence river.

Put two more high priests in line, of seventy-five years each, joining hands with the first two, and the end man might have been present at the grand tableaux, when Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith from the vengeance of her dusky relatives.

Have two more of the high priests stand up, husky young men of fifty-eight each, and the last one would be shaking hands with the inspired Columbus, congratulating him on his arrival at Cuba, in 1492, as the discoverer of the New World, so little known to him at the time.

Join on the line four more of seventy years, you would then have only ten standing. The last one, a bold, blunt man, would be at Runnymede, near Windsor Castle, about 1215 A. D., telling King John of England his mind, in a very haughty manner, in regard, perchance, to the king's attempt to incarcerate his uncle in one of the king's castles, and that he, with the rest of the barons there present, was not going to stand such work any longer, but that a fair trial should be given every man charged with crime, before his imprisonment.

Three fifty-year-old men now join the line, and the thirteenth would be keeping close to the heels of the conqueror's horse (William of Normandy), hoping for recognition in the Dooms Day Book for the recording of a good sized land grant, situate and being in the tight little island of Great Britain.

Now a larger number rally to the front. Fifteen of you high

priests, of seventy years each, stand up, take hold of hands, there's only twenty-eight of you in line, and the twenty-eighth is at the terrible siege of Jerusalem. Titus is closing in on the temple; it is on fire. He has seen Paul beheaded at Rome, the crucifixion of our Savior, the three Marys at the Cross, heard how Jesus healed the sick, that he raised the dead, how the angels sang at his birth, "Peace on earth, good will to men;" but it sounds like hollow mockery in his ear now, as he sees the towers of the temple fall, all ablaze with fire. So fierce did the flames rage, that the precious metal of its roof poured in a molten stream down among the nethermost stones of its foundation. The Savior knew full well that "not one stone would be left upon another," in the effort to secure that gold.

Now, keep your places in the line, you twenty-eight, please, you are not so very tired in helping in the passage of so short a period as 1910 years. Let us continue—plenty more high priests; move out eight more of them of seventy-five years each—the last one is listening to the tale told outside the palace gate of Nebuchadnezzar, how the Hebrew boy, Daniel, had interpreted the king's dream; not only that, but the wonder of it was that he not only interpreted the dream, but told the dream itself, after the king had forgotten it. All Babylon was amazed, but the captive children of Israel still leave their harps unstrung, they could not sing the songs of Zion, in that strange land, but sat by the waters of Babylon and wept.

Stand up, five more young men of forty years each, and the man at the end is at the dedication of Solomon's temple. He hears that grand, impressive prayer, sees the glory of the Lord upon the temple, the fire come down from heaven and consume the sacrifice. What a feast that must have been, what wealth displayed, and what a mighty offering: 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep were slain! Then Israel was in the proud zenith of her glory.

Just one step into line, a man of fifty-seven, in the full vigor of his manhood, and meet David in one of his strongholds of the mountains. He joins him in a raid upon the Philistines, sees the shepherds of Nabal come into camp, and try their skill and strength with David's mighty men. They wrestle, they race;

they shoot their arrows and sling at a mark. David, looking on at their play, speaks admiringly of the shepherd's skill with the sling, saying, "Yes, it was very easy for me to fetch Goliath down, with his great big head for a mark." David, short of supplies, sends to Nabal for food for his men—is refused. He sees David's lion-like nature roused, orders are given, "Gird on your swords and follow,"—he's off. But Nabal's wife comes bearing supplies, and her entreaties turn David from his purpose. Our man mingles with David's mighty warriors, and witnesses how David, with his grand and noble manhood, wins the hearts of all that come in contact with him. Truly, he was a man after God's own heart, and we love him yet.

Six more men of seventy-three years stand up. The end man is walking dry-shod between the piled up waters of the Red sea which Moses has stricken into obedience with his rod. The waters rise as a wall on either side. Presently he joins in the shouts of the hosts of Israel, and hears the song of Miriam, as their once tyrannical masters are swallowed up in the returning waters. He takes no part in the worship of the golden calf, as like one of Egypt's idols as could be. He sees the face of Moses ablaze with glory, and the Tables of the Law broken to pieces at the display of anger when the man of God sees the sacrilege of the people as they dance around their idol.

And now let three eighty-year-old men stand with the rest. The third sees the favored of God, the beloved of his father, he whose branches should run over the wall: the victorious, the wise, the interpreter of Pharaoh's dream, the savior of his father's house, once sold as a bondman, now the honored Israelite, next the throne of Egypt (a brother of his, Disraeli, was next the throne of England a few years back.) This man, the fifty-first in line, sees the lion-like Judah humbly pleading with Joseph; he hears the pathetic tale, "We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him;" still Judah pleads on, "Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bondman to my Lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me, lest, peradventure, I see the evil that shall come to my father?"

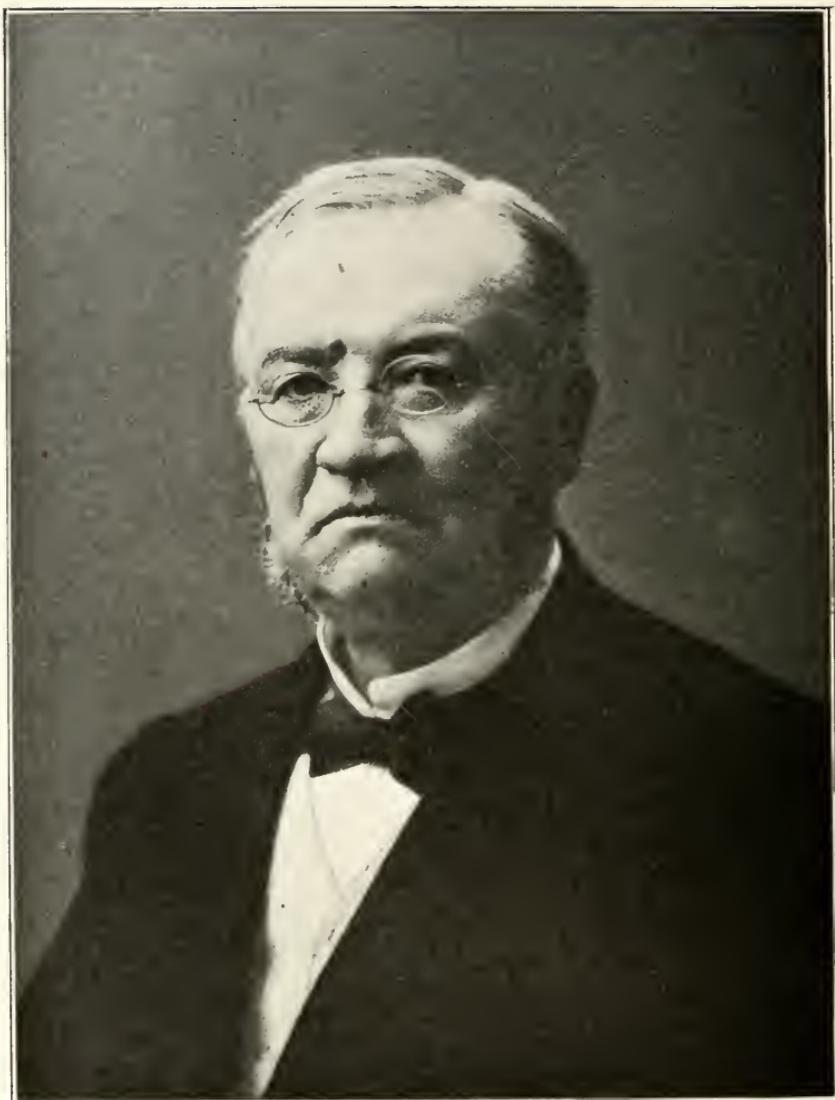
Joseph cannot restrain himself longer, he falls upon Benjamin's neck and weeps aloud, so that the Egyptians without the hall heard and the fame thereof was told in Pharaoh's house.

Two more good men, of eighty-one years each, join the line. They should be good men, for one of them is Abraham's servant, so that on that day, when the patriarch received a visit from the three men, he caught a glimpse of their faces as he delivered the calf he had dressed to his master. He heard Sarah laugh, and then, in her confusion, deny that she had laughed; witnessed the joy at the birth of Isaac, and the sorrow of the patriarch when Hagar went out with the boy Ishmael; accompanied Abraham in a three days' journey with young Isaac; learns how Abraham left him and the other servant in charge of the camp, while Abraham and Isaac went further to worship. How sorrowful and thoughtful Abraham was on this journey. But when he returned to the camp his solemn look had disappeared, quiet joy and serenity of mind marked the face of the patriarch.

Six more of seventy years get into line, quick, you are getting tired. But none so tired in their appearance as the venerable old man, Noah, who now has labored so many years in vain, trying to convert his people from the evil ways in the which they had fallen; commanded to build an ark, he obeys; notwithstanding the jeers and jibes of the wicked and debased men, his neighbors, he builds on; the flood came, and he and his family are the only ones saved.

Let us hasten on; there are plenty of you left to extend the chain; twenty-four of you high priests, seventy years old, now come in. The last one, the eighty-third in line, beholds the father of the race, the Ancient of Days, with Eve, our mother, there formed and fashioned in God's own image, approved and blest of Him who made the earth, the heavens, the sea and all that in them is, and gave them dominion in this fair earth, their dwelling place.

To the Almighty, who gave our father this, be all praise for ever and ever. Amen.



PRSIDENT ANTHON H. LUND,

Sustained April 6, and set apart as First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 7, 1910.

Comets.

BY CHARLES H. SKIDMORE, B. L., M. A., PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE.

It is hoped that a few of the many everyday inquiries on the subject of comets in general, and Halley's comet in particular, may be answered in the following article. But, at most, little can be said on a subject as broad as the universe.

Comets are easily distinguished from other heavenly bodies. Each looks very much like a star enveloped in a luminous fog, which usually streams forth on one side with a long, hazy light. The word comet is derived from the Greek word *kome*, which suggests the common meaning "hairy star." Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, says, Satan, incensed with indignation and untterrified, stood like a great comet burning in the arctic sky, shaking pestilence and war from "his horrid hair."

In this, too, Milton portrays the superstitious belief in the malign influence of comets, which prevailed for centuries. Their visits were rare, but altogether too frequent to suit. Among other historical events, the downfall of Nero, the destruction of Jerusalem, and the invasion of William the Conqueror, were heralded by the appearance of comets. What terror these visitors must have awakened in the hearts of their beholders is partly told in the following quotation from Ambrose Pare, a learned writer of the 16th century, concerning the comet which appeared in 1528:

This comet was so horrible, so frightful, and it produced such great terror in the vulgar, that some died of fear and others fell sick. It appeared to be of excessive length, and was of the color of blood. At the summit of it was seen the figure of a bent arm, holding in its hand a

great sword, as if about to strike. * * * On both sides of the rays of this comet were seen a great number of axes, knives, and blood-colored swords, among which were a great number of hideous human faces, with beards and bristling hair.

Another strange notion was proclaimed by old preachers that comets were the sins of mortals set on fire by the wrath of God.

In the light of modern science, on the contrary, these "fire-balls flung by an angry God" are quite harmless wanderers in space, whose beautiful forms and wonderful features are eagerly watched with rare delight. Even a collision with one of them may not prove disastrous. Sir Robert Ball says:

In 1861 we had a novel experience. On a Sunday evening, in the midsummer of that year, we dashed into a comet. * * * It was the end of the tail which we encountered. * * * Most of us never knew that anything had happened at all, and the rest only learned of the accident long after it was all over. For a couple of hours that night it would seem that we were actually in the tail of a comet, but so far as I know, no one was injured. * * * Indeed, I have only heard of one calamity arising from the collision. A clergyman, on this particular occasion, however, said the sky was overcast with a peculiar glow, while the ordinary light was so much interfered with that the sexton had to provide a pair of candles to enable him to get through the sermon. The expense of these candles was, I believe, the only loss to the earth in consequence of its collision with the comet of 1861.

When one contemplates the large number of comets there are in existence, their enormous size generally, and their great velocity, he wonders why there are not more collisions than there are, and why they do not work greater disaster than they do. After considering these points briefly, however, one should not fail to examine the size, shape and position of the orbits of comets, their mass, their density and constituent parts.

The number of comets recorded in historical and scientific annals is about eight hundred, perhaps fifty per cent of which were discovered before the invention of the telescope, in 1609. Up to this time there were not more than an average of thirty comets seen in the century. In the 18th century there were seventy observed, in the 19th century three hundred. Of the last number not more than thirty could be seen with the naked

eye. Few men have seen more bright comets than could be counted on the fingers of one hand, unless by the aid of a telescope. A telescope usually brings to view from three to ten per year. These are so distributed in the sky that there is seldom a day when one cannot be seen. If Kleiber is right in maintaining that not more than three per cent of those entering the solar system can be seen in our telescopes, then Kepler's statement that comets are as plentiful as fishes in the sea is not greatly exaggerated. Indeed, if one transcends the solar system Kepler's statement is sufficient.

The dimensions of comets are often inconceivable. The head of the comet of 1811, the largest comet on record, was at one time 1,200,000 miles in diameter, or approximately one and one-half times the diameter of the sun. The tail of the comet of 1882, the longest recorded, was more than 10,000,000 miles longer than the distance from the earth to the sun. Comets' heads are usually from 40,000 to 150,000 miles in diameter, and their tails are from 5,000,000 miles long to ten times that length. Most comets whose heads are less than 10,000 miles in diameter pass by unobserved, even through telescopes, unless they come unusually near the earth.

When one of these huge bodies comes within the effective gravitational influence of our massive sun, its motion is accelerated, and varies almost inversely as the square of its distance from the sun, until frequently it passes by and loops around the sun with a velocity a thousand times faster than the swiftest cannon ball. Indeed, the swiftest rifle bullet travels little more than 2,000 *feet* per second, while it is estimated that the comet of 1680 attained the incomprehensible speed of 370 *miles* per second, when nearest the sun, or a velocity twenty times as fast as that with which the earth moves in its orbit. Most comets acquire so great a speed in their course around the sun that they are forced into distant space along paths whose form will never permit them to return.

Their orbits, or paths, are open curves, either hyperbolas or parabolas. These are obtained by heavenly bodies which travel, because of the sun's attractive force, with a velocity exceeding 26 miles a second, when at a distance of 93,000,000 miles from the sun. Again, when these bodies move with less speed than this

they are compelled by law to travel periodically around the sun along closed curves, elliptic in form. If these curves are quite circular, as in the case of the earth's orbit, the sun resides near their center, and consequently bodies moving along them will travel with an almost uniform speed. However, if these curves are greatly flattened, with the sun near the middle of one end, as in the case of the orbits of most periodic comets, the velocity of bodies moving along them will become very great in the sun's end of the curve, and very slow in the other end. There are thirty comets which travel along curves of this kind, and which make their regular periodic trips around the sun in less than one hundred years each; and, too, there are thirty more comets, moving periodically, which take a longer time than one hundred years to fall from space and sweep around the ruler of our solar system.

As in geometry a circle can be determined by any three points not in a straight line, so in celestial mechanics the orbits of heavenly bodies can be determined by three different observations. It is found that the planes of orbits of comets are tilted at a greater or lesser angle from the plane of the earth's orbit, which fact makes a collision with the earth more or less difficult. The chances for such a collision are fairly told by Professor Newcomb, as follows:

So small is the earth in comparison with celestial space, that if one were to shut his eyes and fire at random in the air, the chances of bringing down a bird would be better than that of a comet of any kind striking the earth.

Should such a collision occur, the results would not be so disastrous as one might expect, on account of a comet's mass and density being insignificant. Comets are not dense enough to shut off from view the stars which lie behind them. And comets passing close to some of the moons of our planets have hardly disturbed them, and yet have been materially influenced themselves. Professor Young is of the opinion that if the largest comet were condensed into an iron ball, its diameter would not exceed one hundred and fifty miles. He further suggests that the mean density of a comet is only about one-six-thousandth part of that of the air at the earth's surface, and that a comet's tail is less dense than the best vacuum we can make by any means of science.

Although the mean density of a comet is extremely low, yet it is possible for it to be made up of dense particles at great distances apart. It is commonly thought, though not definitely known, that this is true, and that a comet is largely composed of "meteoric bricks or pin-heads" some distance apart, engulfed in hydrogen and other gases, "in which light is produced either by electric discharges, or by some different action due to the rays of the sun." This action becomes more vigorous as comets approach the sun, and may account, in part, for their greater light at that time, as well as for the various forms and positions of the comets' tails. Again, if these meteoric particles would clash with the sun, would there be a tremendous crash? Professor Young answers this question in the following language:

The cometary particles would pierce the photosphere (apparent surface of the sun) and liberate their heat mostly below the solar surface, simply expanding by some slight amount, the sun's diameter, and so adding to its store of potential energy about as much as it ordinarily expends in a few hours and postponing by so much the date of its solidification. There might, and very likely would, be a flash of some kind at the solar surface as the shower of cometary particles struck it, but probably nothing that the astronomer would not take delight in watching.

An experience of this kind nearly happened in 1843, when a great comet passed nearer the sun than has any known body, all but grazing its surface. Encke's comet (1819) is the only one at present that shows any great tendency to fall into the sun. Its period is only three and one-third years, the shortest period known. Up to 1868 each revolution has been two and one-half hours shorter than the next preceding one; since, the change has continued at only half that rate. It is now at a distance of 32,000,000 miles, which is less than one-fourth its distance ninety-one years ago; its diameter is now only 3,000 miles, while then it was more than ten times as great. This gives an excellent example, too, of how comets waste away on their extensive journeys among the various celestial bodies, each of which exerts its gravitational force upon their unsubstantial forms. Some of their wandering gases have, without doubt, been added to the earth's atmosphere, and some of their lost particles to the dust sometimes collected on lofty Alpine snows.

Several famous comets exhibit phenomena of unusual interest, but it may suffice to conclude this article with a few miscellaneous statements regarding "Comet A 1910," and the famous Halley's Comet. The name "Comet A 1910" designates that this is the first new and unexpected visitor entering the solar system this year. If named according to custom, and in the order in which they are discovered, other new comets of this year will be called Comet B 1910, Comet C 1910, etc. On the morning of January 17 came the announcement of the existence of Comet A, from Johannesburg, South Africa. The next day it was observed at the Lick Observatory, where at its brightest it was visible to the naked eye in the day time. Only one or two comets a century have been so bright. For about ten evenings, near the setting sun, it was an easy and attractive object to the naked eye, except when hidden behind a cloudy sky. As it continued in its sudden flight, its total length ranged from a few degrees up to one-fourth the distance across the visible heavens. At first it was straight, with its head downward, and its tail extending upward directly away from the sun. Later it resembled a large feather with its upward end bending to the south. It came up from behind and within 10,000,000 miles of the sun, looped around it quickly, and then receded in a line almost directly away from the earth. The earth's motion placed it behind the sun again. It will continue there until the earth has crossed its orbit, when it may possibly in several months to come, be detected again in large telescopes.

Edmund Halley, from whom the famous comet of 1682 gets its name, believed as strongly as any one could in Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravitation. He persuaded Newton to prepare his immortal *Principia*, and bore the expense of its publication. In accordance with its principles he computed the orbits of at least two dozen comets. On comparing the orbits of the comets of 1531, 1607 and 1682 he was struck with their similarity and began an investigation to see if they were but one comet, whose period was seventy-six years. Convinced later of this fact, he boldly staked his reputation upon it by predicting the return of his comet in 1759. Knowing that he would be in his grave at that time, he expressed a hope that "posterity would not refuse to acknowledge that this was discovered by an Englishman." Nothing was known at that time of the existence of Uranus and Nep-

tune, but in his calculations he allowed more than a year for the retarding effect which the planets Jupiter and Saturn would have upon his comet. Astronomers began to watch for its return in 1757. A French mathematician, Clairaut, showed by skilful investigations, that it might appear on April 13, 1759, but as he had omitted some small terms in his calculations, the true time he said may differ from this by as much as a month. The actual time of its perihelion, or its nearest approach to the sun, was on March 13, 1759, just within the limit named. Thus a great truth was verified, and thus were hushed forever the opponents of Newton's theory of universal gravitation.

Historical records are now at hand which show that this comet has visited the solar system at least twenty-five times, the first of which was in the year 11 B. C., and the last in 1835. At its last visit its total length was about as long as the handle of "the dipper." In some peculiar way it lost its tail at perihelion, but soon was supplied with a new one, which originated from a different place from the first, and which possessed at different times various interesting characteristics. The present visit promises to be a more brilliant and a more interesting one, as natural conditions are more favorable, and as highly improved instruments are in use. Dr. Wolf, of Heidelberg, had the honor of photographing Halley's comet on August 28, 1909, and of announcing its twenty-sixth visit, September 11, at which time he had fully verified his previous observations. After Wolf's announcement, two plates at Greenwich of the date of September 9 were inspected again, and sure enough showed slight impressions of the comet's existence. Perhaps the first sight of it visually was through the 40-inch Yerkes telescope, on September 17. The observed place of the comet differed from the computed one by only 24" in right ascension by 4' in declination. The comet passed behind the sun in March, 1910, placing the earth, the sun and the comet almost in line on the 25th. In April it came out from behind the sun's rays, curved around in its orbit at its greatest speed, and swept down between the earth and the sun, again to place these three objects in line on or about May 18. On that date its head will pass within 14,300,000 miles of the earth. Its tail directed away from the sun, may then engulf us. As we merge into this experience of a lifetime, we find a series of eager astronomers,

fairly well organized, well-equipped and widely distributed for the purpose of making the best possible observations in the hope that new scientific truths shall be revealed.

LOGAN, UTAH.

Two Plans.

(For the Improvement Era.)

When you've planned and plotted; when you've schemed;
 When you've hoped and struggled; when you've dreamed;
 And then have seen each favored project fall,
 And all your honeyed dainties turn to gall;
 You could curse the world and give up like a rat,
 But what's to be gained by that?

When you've risen in the morning, rested and renewed,
 When you've felt yourself with God-like power imbued—
 And then, ere day hath waned, your strength has flagged,
 'Till night discovers you entirely fagged;
 You might give up the struggle with the doffing of your hat,
 But what's to be gained by that?

When you've found a friend, one who you think is true;
 The one in all this world, to sympathize with you;
 And then, ah, then, your fond hopes fade away,
 As time reveals your idol made of clay,
 You could mistrust the future, when hope has fallen flat,
 But what's to be gained by that?

To battle 'mid the strong ones, and to hold your own,
 To prove yourself a hero, 'mid thousands, or alone,
 To rise from insignificance to noblest height,
 And look back on a course as clean and bright
 As man can shape on this old habitat,
 There's something to be gained by that!

When others falter, to have faith to stand
 And reach, perchance, a kindly, helping hand
 To some poor, fainting brother, sorely pressed;
 To trust in God, and do your very best,
 And take life as a game of tit for tat,
 There's something in a thought like that!

To have a heart for others, as we swing along;
 To "let up" on the dirge, and substitute the song;
 To quit the squalid basement, with its mould and blight,
 And live upon the surface where the sun shines bright;
 To live and love and labor and laugh, and just grow fat,
 What better could we ask than that?

LON J. HADDOCK.



PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY SMITH,

Sustained April 6, and set apart as Second Counselor in the First Presidency
of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 7, 1910.

Editor's Table.

Changes Among the General Church Authorities.

Several important changes among the general authorities were made at the last annual conference, owing to the death of President John R. Winder.

President Anthon H. Lund was chosen and sustained first counselor to President Joseph F. Smith, Elder John Henry Smith as second counselor in the First Presidency, and Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of the Twelve, caused by the promotion of Elder John Henry Smith.

Elder Rudger Clawson was also honorably released from the Auditing Committee, being a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles who pass upon the distribution of funds, and Heber Scowcroft was chosen and sustained a member of that committee, of which William W. Riter is now chairman.

President Lund's life and labors are now an open book before the people. For many years he has faithfully served the Saints in deed and counsel in many capacities. His promotion from second to first counselor in the First Presidency is not only well merited, but received with hearty satisfaction by all.

President John Henry Smith has well earned the third position in the Church to which he is now promoted after several decades of unceasing, earnest and faithful work in its cause, both spiritually and temporally. He is a broad-minded and a big-hearted man in the right place. Both of President Joseph F. Smith's counselors are tried and true, and men with whom the interests of the Saints and the most important affairs of the Church may be trusted and imposed with perfect confidence.

Joseph F. Smith, Jr., the new apostle, is a son of President Joseph F. Smith and Julina L. Smith, and is a native Utahn, born

in Salt Lake City, July 19, 1876. He has been an active worker in the Church from the beginning. On the 19th of July, 1884, he was baptized, and four years later was ordained a deacon, and thereafter a teacher in the 16th ward. On September 8, 1897, he was ordained an elder, and a seventy on May 12, 1899. The following day he left for Great Britain on a mission. He labored in the Nottingham Conference, under the presidency of Platt D. Lyman, returning home in July, 1901. He served as one of the presidents of the 24th quorum in 1903, and acted as instructor of the quorum thereafter and for some time previous thereto. In March, 1904, when the Salt Lake Stake was organized, he was set apart as one of the High Councilors of that stake, which position he held up to the time of being called to act in the Quorum of the Twelve. He married Louie B. Shurtliff, daughter of President Louis W. Shurtliff, of Ogden, on the 26th of April, 1898. She died on the 30th of March, 1908, leaving two small children. Recently Elder Smith married Ethel G. Reynolds, daughter of the late Elder George Reynolds. He is very much interested in the Genealogical work of the Church, and is assistant editor of the *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, besides being secretary, treasurer and librarian of the Genealogical Society of Utah. In the summer of 1902, he labored in Massachusetts, gathering the genealogy of the Smith family, securing hundreds of names, and straightening out the family line from Robert, the earliest ancestor in America. He has been actively engaged in the Mutual Improvement work of the Church, acting as aid in the Salt Lake Stake M. I. A., in 1898-9, and a member of the General Board since 1903. Last year he was made a member of the General Board of Religion Classes, also, and in 1906 he was sustained as assistant to Church Historian Anthon H. Lund, which position he still holds. He has served as a home missionary in the Salt Lake Stake, from the year 1901 to the present time. A young man, spiritually inclined, energetic and capable in all his work, full of the spirit of the gospel, he gives every promise of continuing a faithful and competent servant of the people, and an effective worker in the cause of the Lord, in his new appointment and calling.

The ERA is pleased to present to its readers in this number, excellent recent photographs of the new officers.



JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.,

Sustained April 6, and ordained an Apostle and set apart as one of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, April 7, 1910.

Church Statistics.

At various times during the 80th Annual Conference of the Church, statistics were given which had been gathered by the Presiding Bishopric. These show great progress in the Church. Elder W. W. Riter, a member of the Auditing committee, which reported everything pertaining to the finances in a very satisfactory condition, gave some very interesting figures from which it is learned that the tithing receipts and voluntary donations for 1909 increased materially over the former year.

On an average 51 per cent of the tithing received was returned to the local districts to aid in Church enterprises. Some stakes received as high as 80 and 103 per cent in return, but the Salt Lake City stakes received last year only 40 per cent of the amount paid in. No tithing is paid for the support of the heads of the Church, as the income from other funds is sufficient for the very modest payments made to them.

The birthrate among the members of the Church in the stakes of Zion only, for 1909, was 39 per 1,000, as against 32 for the United States.

The deathrate among the members of the Church in the stakes of Zion for the same period was 9 per 1,000, as against 17 in the United States. This is a little lower than the lowest deathrate, 10, experienced by life insurance companies, and they only accept physically perfect men as risks.

The marriage rate was 16.5 per 1,000.

There were 31 widows and widowers for every 1,000 members; and 50 persons unmarried who are over 21 years of age in every 1,000.

The missionaries in the field January 1, 1910, was 48 for every 1,000 holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, or a total at that date of 2,065, costing their friends and themselves about \$500,000 per annum to maintain. There are 10,688 persons now living who have filled one or more missions.

Of temple marriages entered into in 1909 and previous years, there were 46 persons, or 23 couples, divorced in 1909; while among

those not married in the temples there were 83 couples divorced for the same period. During the year there were 2,748 persons married in the various temples of the Church.

Of the male members of the Church 41,586 hold the Melchizedek Priesthood, and 33,357, the Aaronic.

In the Sunday schools are enrolled 46 per cent of the whole membership of the Church. This includes both old and young, men and women, boys and girls.

In the Y. M. M. I. A., 8.8 per cent are enrolled; in the Y. L. M. I. A. 9.1; in the Primary, 19; and in the Religion Classes 10 per cent.

There are 60 stakes of Zion, 695 bishops' wards, and 21 missions.

During 1909, there were 9,143 persons baptized in the stakes, and 5,391 in the missions, a total of 14,534. There are 2,275 children over nine years of age not baptized.

In the Latter-day Saints' hospital there were 1,200 operations performed during the year, 600 of them being the means of preserving life. The mortality rate is less than is prevalent through the United States as a whole.

Some very interesting conclusions and reflections may be drawn from these facts: The Salt Lake stakes are not enriched from the tithing funds, to the disadvantage of the outlying districts, as is sometimes charged.

The birthrate among the Latter-day Saints is considerably higher and the deathrate very much lower—nearly half—than is general in our country. Clean lives and temperate living undoubtedly account for this commendable vitality. We are growing.

Approximately twice as many were added to the Church by baptism in the stakes as in the mission fields. For each missionary on an average 2.6 persons were baptized in the missions.

There is a factor of safety, in the temple marriages, so great that one is almost justified in declaring temple marriages a cure for the divorce evil.

There is opportunity for 81 persons in every 1,000, or about 8 per cent to get married, among widows, widowers and young people over 21 years of age, the latter class being about 5 per

cent. The average size of families is 5.3 among the Latter-day Saints.

An immense field is still open for the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. to enlarge their enrollment.

These general figures should be used by stake and organization officers in comparison with their local conditions, and where local affairs are not equal to the Church standard, special efforts should be made to improve.

Decoration Day.

A day devoted to the past, in which to remember the men and women who gave their best days and most loving service for the generations to come.

In a broad sense, it is a day to think about the work of the Pilgrim fathers, the Patriots of '76, and the saviors of the Union. Tell the children how the pilgrims kindled the fires of independence and self-government. Tell them how the patriots, in their unequal struggle with kings, placed justice and freedom at our gates, gave shelter to the hunted, rest and hope for the down-trodden and oppressed, and to the starved laborer bread with his toil. Tell them how the citizen soldiers of 1861 flung by the spade and the ax, and shouldered arms to save the Nation—and in answer to our country's call left the plow to rust in the furrow, or quit the lighter task of pen and rostrum, to rein the charger on the battlefield.

It is a day also to tell the little ones, and the youth of the land, of the Declaration of Independence, that "chart and compass of all human rights," which, as the most eloquent of American orators has so well said, "uncrowned kings, and wrested from the hands of tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It superseded royal grants, and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career, it knighted all the sons of toil, it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe."

In a local sense, Decoration Day should bring to mind not only our immediate dead, and the heroes who established our nation and lived and died for liberty, but should awaken to our ten-

der recollections the valiant band of pioneers and their trusty followers who in the early days pressed onward over the untrodden prairies and explored the lone rivers of the west. In tears and toil they founded cities in the mountain valleys, built homes, and made the thirsty desert to bloom. They offered their sacrifices with cheerful hearts and in unbounded faith. They carved their fortunes from the lonely, stubborn wilds—these heroes of the prairie schooner, these soldiers of the cross, thinkers, builders, pioneers.

Thousands about us may rest in unknown graves, but long after this generation is dead, their courageous words shall sound trumpet calls to victory—their heroic deeds be messages of hope and cheer. The land is sacred for their sakes, these brave, true builders of our homes. Remember them today,

“Crown in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.”

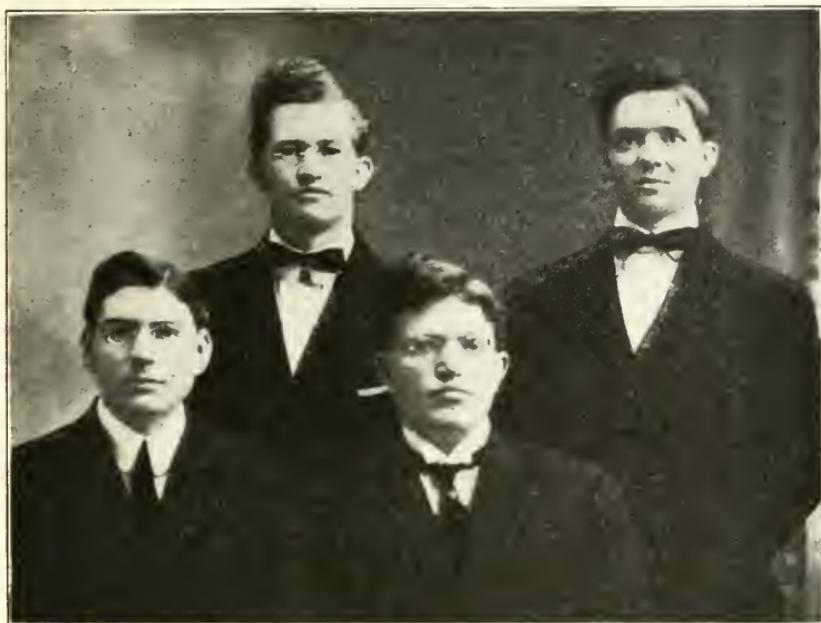
Messages from the Missions.

The statistical report of the Netherlands-Belgium mission for 1909, shows that there are 5 conferences in which 80 missionaries are laboring, with a total of souls belonging to the Church of 2,722. There were 242 baptisms for the year; 121,796 tracts distributed; 57,594 books, and 3,441 meetings held. Altogether 100,026 families were visited and 16,426 re-visited. Prospects for 1910 are reported in the *Millennial Star* to be exceedingly bright.

President Charles W. Penrose of the European Mission was notified by cablegram on April 7, that he had been released. Elder Rudger Clawson of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles has been appointed by the First Presidency of the Church to succeed him. Elder Penrose left Salt Lake City for Europe October 15, 1906, and has rendered splendid service, and brought the mission up to a high state of efficiency.

Elder J. E. Simmons of the Wheeling conference, West Virginia, writes March 15, that on January 1st of this year church work was opened in Wheeling when there was not a friend to the cause in the city. At present the elders have many warm friends, and they have been able to plant the good gospel seed with prospects of bounteous harvest. As

to their labors, they have sold 40 Books of Mormon, 369 other books, and have distributed 3,101 tracts, and 224 copies of *Liahona*. They have visited 3,155 families and re-visited 137; held 25 Book of Mormon lectures, 3 gospel meetings, and 1,584 gospel conversations. They have besides spent some 663 hours in study.



ELDERS OF THE WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, CONFERENCE.

Reading from right to left: Wilford A. Henniger, McGrath, Canada; J. E. Simmons, Chesterfield, Idaho. Front row: V. G. Ashcroft, Teton, Idaho; E. J. Whiting, St. Johns, Arizona. These elders are among two thousand more who devote their time and labor free to the cause of the Lord. Their reward lies in the happiness of service.

A conference presidents' conference was held January 28, 1910, in Chicago, to discuss plans for the work of the year and report on the condition of the different fields of labor. At the close of the conference it was the general expression from each one present that much good would come to the work from the exchange of ideas and the instructions given by President German E. Ellsworth. The conference presidents were also pleased to gain a more thorough knowledge of the work done by the mission office, and departed with great appreciation of the magnitude of the work done by the brethren and sisters appointed to this labor. The conference closed with a general good understanding of each other's work.



MISSION AND CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS OF NORTHERN STATES MISSION, JANUARY, 1910.

Elders in the back row, reading from the left: Sidney Corey, N. C. Christensen, Joseph E. Geddes, J. P. McGuire, George E. Liljenquist, D. Albert Banks. Front row: E. M. Crawford, I. A. Pace, James J. Gibson, Mission

President German E. Ellsworth, B. W. Dalton, H. F. Lillywhite, E. B. Clark.

There are two thousand more like them ministering in the twenty-one missions of the Church, and at home there are other thousands—all bright, noble, clean young men, zealous workers for the right. With such lifters, the cause must grow.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

The Judgment.—“If a missionary, through diligent labor, bring a soul unto the Lord and accomplish many other good works, after which he turn from the Lord and apostatize and become an atrocious sinner, will he receive any reward for the good he did while working righteousness, or will that be blotted out? Take, for example, Judas Iscariot.”

There are two classes of sinners, those who may be forgiven, and the sons of perdition who may not be forgiven.

Every man will be judged according to his works and the deeds which he has done. If he has done evil, sinned and become wicked, he will have to answer for his sin and wickedness and evil in the place of punishment, until the judgment of the Lord shall have been satisfied, and he shall be willing to repent. If a man has done good works, he will receive his reward. The good he has done will stand to his credit forever, provided, of course, he shall not have sinned so grievously that he cannot repent; for, if he repent not, it is clear that the good which he has done will then be of no benefit to him, as he chooses to remain in punishment.

As to the second class of sinners, the sons of perdition, who are guilty of shedding innocent blood, or who deny the Son after the Father has revealed him, the end of their punishment, and the place thereof, and their torment, no man knows.

God is very merciful, and all his judgments are not given unto men. (Read section 19 of the Doctrine and Covenants, also section 29: 30; and section 76). Summing up the matter, it is clear from the scriptures that all men will receive their rewards according to their works, tempered by the justice and mercy of God. If they have done good, they will be rewarded for that good; if they have done evil, they will receive punishment for that evil. If they have done both good and evil, to which class we all belong, they may rest assured that they will be rewarded for the good and punished for the evil.

Playing Cards.—“Is playing cards on Sunday breaking the Sabbath—not observing it nor keeping it holy—therefore breaking one of the Ten Commandments? Is card-playing a sin under such conditions?”

We consider that it would be breaking the Sabbath day, and that it would be very harmful to play cards on the Sabbath. It is wrong to play cards at any time, because of the evils that are almost sure to re-

sult from indulgences in this line of amusement. To know that an act is wrong and then to do it, is a grievous sin; to know to do good and not to do it is a sin. Some people consider cards an innocent game. To show that it is not so, President Smith relates an incident of a young man who was a playmate of his in Nauvoo and who later came to Utah and went with him to Hawaii on a mission. This young man, shortly after their arrival in Utah after their mission was filled, was married. He had a good home and wife and for those days was well provided for. Through some means or other he became infatuated with card-playing and spent evenings at that game. President Smith at that time lived close by and was frequently invited in with him to play cards. He also finally became interested in cards, and spent many evenings with his friend at the game. After a while he found that he was not fit for duty, and that with it there was an excitement that led him away from his more serious thoughts and occupations. Discovering this, President Smith said to himself: "This is getting monotonous, I must quit. I have other things to do than to waste my time with cards. I must learn to do something, to get an education, to progress, to make achievement in life. I can't afford to spend my time in wasteful, exciting amusement."

He so told his friend and that was the end of it with President Smith. His friend, however, paid no attention to the warning, but kept right on with his cards. The next thing he indulged in beer at his home to keep up the interest; and this paling, he ordered whisky in order to keep up the excitement,—and this was the way of an innocent, social game of cards. The result was that in the end his friend, who refused to consider cards a sin and evil, became so reckless with drink that he was finally picked up in the gutter and became a vagabond and an outcast, and even committed grievous sin, so grievous that he was compelled to leave the country. He was gone for years, but finally died a miserable outcast, shunned by all and respected by none — all for an innocent game of cards.

President Smith is so set upon the truth that cards are evil that he will not tolerate them either on Sundays nor on any other day, and absolutely forbids his family from playing cards under any conditions. He has also made this declaration to the public and advises the Saints generally throughout the Church to leave cards severely alone. It is a waste of time, and a dangerous and useless diversion, and he can see no good in cards in any way. Some years ago he wrote several articles in the ERA and *Juvenile* condemning the practice of cards and advising the Latter-day Saints to quit that amusement. This has generally been adhered to, in families anxious to obey counsel and believe that therein is safety.

Mutual Work.

Annual M. I. A. Conference.

The Fifteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Saturday and Sunday, June 4th and 5th, 1910.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, June 5th, at 2 and 7 p. m.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
HEBER J. GRANT,
B. H. ROBERTS,
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
MARTHA H. TINGEY,
RUTH M. FOX,
MAE T. NYSTROM,
Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

The officers of the Young Men's Associations will meet on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock and in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. Special instructions to stake superintendents and ward presidents will be presented. The General Board desires the attendance of every stake superintendent in the Church and of every ward president. If for any reason these can not attend, an authorized officer should be selected to represent them. A conjoint officers' meeting of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Associations will be held on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at which important discussions on conjoint work will be given. A special meeting of stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. is being arranged for, at which suggestions will be called for from these officers relating to the betterment of our work. Come prepared. General meetings will be held at 2 and 7 p. m. On Friday evening a conjoint social entertainment will be held: the time, place and program to be announced later. Efforts are being made to present a field program, after the close of the Saturday afternoon meeting.

Summer Work.

Several of the stakes have announced their M. I. A. summer courses, and very commendable programs are presented. The editors of the ERA will be glad to receive all the outlines, which will be filed where members of the General Board may inspect them.

Annual Conferences.

In the general annual conferences of the Y. M. M. I. A., the superintendent of each of the associations should give a statement of the condition of the organization in his stake, placing particular stress upon the various divisions of our work, especially as to the organization of the committees and what work has been accomplished by them. Then, there should be appropriate exercises by young men and young women, reflecting the work of the organizations as presented in the manuals, also appropriate music, and, if possible, essays, songs and testimonies. It is well to have a contest of some kind in connection with the conference, on the Friday or Saturday evenings. This, for the young men, may be oratorical, athletic, a debating or story-telling contest.

The General Board Committee has not arranged a uniform program for these occasions, but it is left to the initiative of the stake officers, who should use their own ingenuity in providing interesting and appropriate exercises. As to the dates of these annual conferences, that is left to be named by the stake officers of each stake. They should consult with the stake presidency, and set their own dates, and then notify the General Board, both of the Young Men and the Young Ladies, of the time. The boards will then, in all likelihood, appoint some one to attend the conference, where that can be done.

An Extra Monthly Conjoint Meeting.

It is announced that the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. has made provision in their program for the next season's work for one conjoint meeting with the Y. M. M. I. A. each month, in addition to the regular Sunday night conjoint meeting, usually held on Fast days, the object being to give opportunity for the young ladies to join with the young men in literary work, debates, contests, and lectures and other exercises aside from the regular manual exercises.

In view of this arrangement the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. at a meeting held Wednesday, April 13, 1910, passed the following reso-

lution which the officers of the various stakes and wards are advised to carry into effect:

“Be it resolved by the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. that we concur in the action of the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A., and advise all the Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Associations to join with the young ladies in providing suitable programs for these conjoint meetings to consist of debates, contests, lectures and other suitable exercises.”

In arranging for these meetings the program committees of the two associations should meet conjointly to prepare the program and to arrange for their proper presentation.

Summer Half Holiday.

At the annual conference of the Young Men’s and Young Ladies’ Mutual Improvement Associations of the three stakes of Weber county held on Sunday, April 10, the following resolution was presented and unanimously adopted by the officers in conference assembled. All the sessions of the conference were permeated with the spirit of having something done for the betterment of the young people. Action was the slogan. In the general evening meeting the resolution was read to the great congregation in the Tabernacle and commented upon, and the people present were asked to join in aid of the movement. A committee of six was named in the officers’ meeting to consult with the merchants with a view to getting a uniform half holiday during the week:

Believing, as we do, that the strength of a community lies in the moral, upright living of the people, and that such a condition can best be secured by a wholesome observance of the Sabbath day, the laws of virtue, temperance and sobriety, and that each individual can and ought to contribute to the betterment of existing conditions, it is

Resolved, by the officers and teachers of the Young Men’s and Young Ladies’ Mutual Improvement Associations of Weber, Ogden and North Weber stakes, in conference assembled:

That we will use our utmost endeavors to secure the setting apart and observance each week, during the summer season, of a half holiday, on a day other than Sunday, and the use of the same for ball games, races, excursions, and other out-of-door sports and amusements that are now frequently appointed for Sunday;

That we will refrain from visiting theaters, picture shows, ball games, races, pleasure resorts, or other places of amusement on the Sabbath day, and urge our friends and associates to do likewise;

That we will not visit restaurants or cafes where intoxicating beverages are served or can be procured on order;

That while in any restaurants or cafes we will avoid sitting in booths or compartments secluded from the view of others, by curtains or partitions.

Passing Events.

Sister Jane Snyder Richards, who recently celebrated her 87th anniversary, is the wife of Apostle Franklin D. Richards, and



Jane Snyder Richards.

was born on the 31st day of January, 1823, at Pamellia, Jefferson county, New York. She joined the Church in the winter of 1839-40. She was suffering from a severe illness at the time, but firmly convinced that it was her duty to be baptized, a hole was cut in the ice, and she was carried down into the icy waters of Lake La Porte and the ordinance was performed by her brother, Robert. As a result, she received a wonderful testimony of the truth, and was immediately healed. On the 18th day of December, 1842, she became the wife of Elder Franklin D. Richards, and moved with

him to the city of Nauvoo, where they resided until driven out by the mob in 1846. While encamped at Sugar Creek her husband was called upon a mission to England, and Sister Jane was left to make the perilous journey to Winter Quarters without his aid. Enroute she lost her two children, a son and a daughter, and endured untold mental and physical suffering, many times hovering between life and death. On the return of her husband, in 1848, she crossed the plains, arriving in Salt Lake in October of that year. In August, 1872, she became president of the Relief Societies of Ogden City and on the 19th of July, 1877, was called by President Brigham Young to preside over the Relief Societies of the Weber stake, which position she held for thirty-one years. In 1888 she was made first counselor to Sister Zina D. H. Young, president of the Relief Societies of the Church. In 1891, in company with others of her sisters, she attended the National Council of Women at Washington, where on previous occasions, she had formed the acquaintance of several prominent ladies of that organizations, and secured for herself and associates, membership and recognition in that national organization in whose subsequent labors she took an active and prominent part. In 1892 she was appointed vice president of the Utah Board of Lady Managers of

the World's Fair, at Chicago, in which position she rendered most valuable service.

Sister Richards is now in her 88th year, and she resides with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph A. West. at Ogden, Utah. Her life is going out like a pleasant evening, surrounded by her devoted children, and made happy by the kindly consideration of her loving sisters and former colaborers, many of whom recently came all the way from Salt Lake City and made her 87th birthday anniversary a most delightful and notable occasion.

Mrs. Mary Holladay Richins, formerly Miss Mary Holladay, of Salt Lake City, died at Union, Oregon, on March 12, 1910. A most lovable character, with a sweet nature and disposition, she won her way into the hearts of all who knew her, and remained enshrined therein through her unflinching kindness and loyalty. A bride of a few short months, she was about to realize that sweetest hope of a true woman's heart, the hope of maternity, when she gave her life, a sacrifice that life might be. Her home life was ideal, and hard indeed is the parting to the devoted husband. Mrs. Richins was born at Hooper, Weber county, Utah, September, 1880. Her whole life was devoted in earnest effort to do good. Prior to her marriage to Osmond Richins, June 25, 1909, she was for thirteen years a member of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir. Possessing a voice of rare quality, her talent was freely devoted to the people, wherever it would give pleasure or comfort. In Arizona, California, and in the city of Denver, where she rendered invaluable service in the missionary cause with her musical talent, and ability to make friends, she will be well remembered. She possessed no small artistic talent, and left a number of works from her brush and pen.



Mary Holladay Richins.

She was a member of the "Corianton" company, appearing at all of its productions; also a member of the Salt Lake Choral Society. She was prominent in Church and social circles at her new home in Union, Oregon, and her death was mourned by the entire community. Funeral services were held at Union, March 14. All places of business were closed, as an evidence of the esteem in which she was held.

John Bray Maiben died in Manti, Utah, on the 10th of March, 1910. He was an early settler, a pioneer in the state, a man of staunch



John Bray Maiben, age 82.

and unflinching character, recognized as an example of faithfulness, a lover of mankind and of God, a man of cheerful disposition, a peacemaker, and a leader in many good works. He was born June 16, 1826, at Brighton, Sussex, England, and was of Scotch descent, his grandfather having been born in Sterling Castle, Scotland. The family resided in Perth for several generations, and were known as MacBains, the spelling being later changed to Maiben. John B. was privately educated in an academy at Brighton, and took a course as medical student at Charing Cross and other hospitals in London. It was while here that he came in contact with the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He embraced the gospel, and was baptized

by Elder John Barnes, July 27, 1848, since which time his every effort and ambition were devoted to his chosen religion. He desired to gather to Utah, but had noticed in the printed instructions of President Brigham Young that only bread-winners were needed in the pioneer commonwealth; he therefore abandoned his career as a medical practitioner, and engaged in the stationery business, in which he greatly prospered. While in England he engaged in missionary work, and kept open house for the traveling elders, in 1850. He presided over the Finsbury branch in 1851, and the Holburn branch in 1854. Sailing for America on the ship *Samuel Curling*, April 22, 1855, he arrived in Salt Lake City on September 28. His span of life covered a period of material progress clearly unparalleled in the history of the world, as one may notice when reflecting that the same distance is now covered by travelers in twelve to fourteen days, a criterion of the advancement in other lines of material progress. In Utah his life was rich in experience and vicissitudes. He participated in the Echo canyon war, and was one of

the three hundred who witnessed Johnston's army march through Salt Lake to Camp Floyd. He was a close associate of President Brigham



John Bray Maiben, age 52.

Young, by whom, August 1, 1875, he was appointed bishop of Manti. Since that time, he resided in that city and devoted his time to the building up of the community in spiritual and temporal affairs. On the 7th of July, 1877, at the time of the organization of the stakes of Zion by President Brigham Young, he was chosen second counselor in the presidency of the Sanpete stake, remaining an able assistant to President Knud Peterson, until the latter's death, in 1902, at which time he was ordained a patriarch, on the 16th of November, by President Joseph F. Smith. He filled more than fifty different offices, civil and religious. His greatest work, however, will undoubtedly be counted as having been accomplished in connection with the Manti temple, both in its erection and subsequently in the labors performed therein. He was set apart as first assistant president of the temple, by President Anthon H. Lund, in October, 1891, since which he has been a constant worker there until September, 1909, when failing health and the loss of sight compelled him to resign. Only those who are familiarly acquainted with his labors and character can fully appreciate the enthusiasm, the earnestness and zeal with which he entered into the labors of the House of the Lord, and the blessings and comfort that he disseminated to the people who came there for consolation. He was a man of moral strength; "Always kind, but very resolute."

The Sixth Ward chapel of the Ogden Stake, recently opened, is situated at the corner of 23rd Steet and Madison Avenue, in the heart of the residence portion of Ogden, Utah. It is a restful looking little house, in which the people of that ward meet for worship, classwork and other ward services. A few lines of the Greek classic add to the otherwise strikingly beautiful, white stone and cream brick construction. It has an exceptionally clean, dainty appearance. The auditorium is reached by three flights of stone steps, two at the south and one at the east front entrance. Through the vestibules into the main assembly hall, where heavy oak pews have been provided for four hundred persons, religious



Sam'l T. Whitaker, Archt.

SIXTH WARD CHAPEL, OGDEN, UTAH.

assemblies are held. The choir niche is located between two large classic pilasters, and has a seating capacity of ninety people. Light reaches the choir during the day through a tiled glass ceiling, and in the evening from incandescent lamps concealed from the view of people in the auditorium. The finish throughout is natural yellow pine, in light amber color. To the right of the auditorium, and on the same floor, is a large library; and to the left, on the same floor, a council chamber and private rooms. From the assembly hall, through vestibules, two broad stairways lead to the rotunda below, around which class rooms have been arranged, accommodating seven hundred pupils. On this floor, also, are located lavatories, drinking fountains, electrical, heating and ventilating apparatus. A baptismal font has been arranged conveniently near the boiler room, for warming the water during cold weather. Vacuum vapor with gravity return and an air line to the boiler room, are the methods used in warming the various compartments. Fresh air is brought into the building over warmed coils, in quantities sufficient to give each person the maximum amount of air necessary. The foul air is taken out of the rooms through openings at the floor line, in heated shafts, and this exhaust compels the fresh, warm air to be brought in at the desired places, and it regulates the amount of the supply. The acoustics are remarkably successful and nearly perfect.

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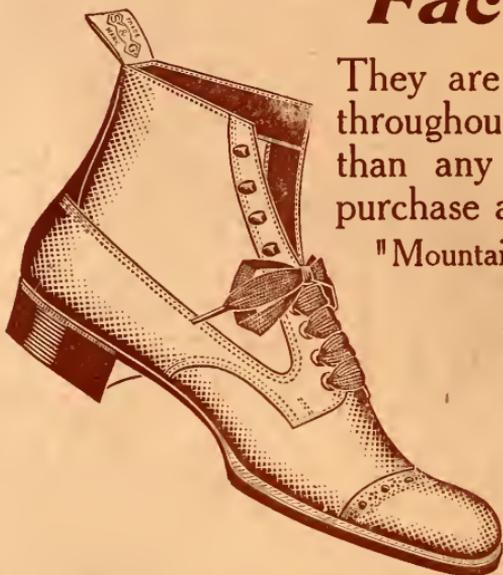
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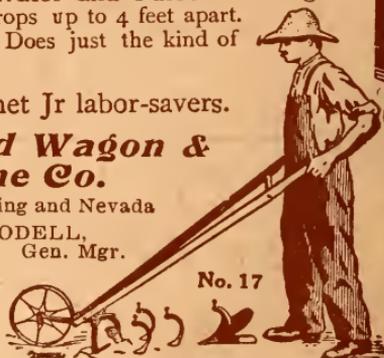
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